

Incomplete Songbook  
(Binder #5)



MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY  
(Tune- Ghost Riders In the Sky)

Z (1)

An 86 got airborne on a dark and windy day  
And as he raised his landing gear, you could hear the pilot pray  
Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound  
Don't let that fire go out, Dear Lord, till I am on the ground

Chorus: Yippi-i-o, yippi-i-a-a-a  
Mach riders in the sky

These flyin fiends are here to stay, it's said they're very mean  
And all know we've been famous since 1917  
Though we may work on holidays, and weekends just the same  
Those pukin' pups make history, Oh bless that famous name

As our 86's leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame  
The pilots they all go through hell, but fly in just the same  
The crew chiefs work their asses off to keep em flyin high  
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by

Day and night our pilots fight to live up to their name  
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on to fame  
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high  
The cuss and cry, "Live or die," MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY

65

BLESS THEM ALL

(2)

Bless them all, Bless them all  
The needle, the airspeed the ball  
Bless all the instructors  
Who taught me to fly  
Sent me up to solo and left me to die  
So if ever your blow jet should stall  
You're due for one hell of a fall  
No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots  
So cheer up my lady, Bless them all

Bless them all, Bless them all  
The long and the short and the tall  
Bless all the sergeants  
The four piece band  
Bless all the Corporals and their dray and  
Cause we're saying goodbye to them all  
The long and the short and the tall  
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean  
So while we are here bless them all



204 (4)

OK

# I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings till I got the god-damned things  
Now I don't want them any more  
They taught me how to fly then they sent me off to die  
I've had a belly full of war  
You can save those Zero's for the god-damned heroes  
Distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses, Buster

Chorus: I wanted wings till I got the god-damned things  
Now I don't want them any more

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames  
I've no desire to be burned  
Air combat spells romance, but it makes me wet my pants  
I'm not a fighter I have learned  
You can save those Mitsubishi's for those other sons-o-bitches  
Cause I'd rather lay a woman than be shot down in a Grummans, Buster

Now, I'm too young to die in a damned old F2Y  
That's for the eager not for me  
I won't trust to luck to be picked up by a duck  
After I've crashed into the sea  
Caused K'd rather be a bell hop than a flyer on a flat top  
With my hand around a bottle not around a god-damned throttle, Buster

Now, I don't care to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr  
Flak always makes me mark my lunch  
I got no Hey, Hey, when they holler bombs away  
I'd rather be home with the bunch  
For there's one thing you can't laugh off  
And that's when they shoot your ass off  
For I'd rather be home buster with my ass than with a cluster, Buster

They feed us lousy chow but we stay alive somehow  
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew  
What will they think of next they'll be dehydrating sex  
And on that day I'll tell the coach I'm through  
For I dearly love my humpin', and I'd love to do some pumpin'  
But I'd rather come with chowder, than to come with lumps of powder, Buster

Now the day that we bomber Mats, I ran out of cigarette  
I always smoke one for my gut  
They are so then by the ton, but I haven't got one  
Oh what I'd give to have a butt  
Now the home front may be pitching, but I still will do my bitching  
Till I find some real sharp cookie, who can make produce some nookie,  
Buster.



I WANTED WINGS  
(Korean Version)

4

I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things  
Now I don't want them any more  
I don't want a tour in Korea that's for sure  
I've had a belly full of war  
I don't want my fancy frozen  
In that putrid land of Chosen  
Fighting MIG's of Uncle Joe's  
In an atmosphere that's frigid frozen, buster  
I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things  
Now I don't want them any more

OK

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky  
MIG's always make me barf my lunch  
For me there's no Hey, Hey, Screaming  
Bogies that-a-way  
I'd rather be here with the bunch  
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off  
And that's when they shoot your ass off  
I would rather be home buster  
With my ass than with a cluster, Buster  
I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things  
Now I don't want them any more

THE THOUSAND DOLLARS  
(Tune- Old 97)

3

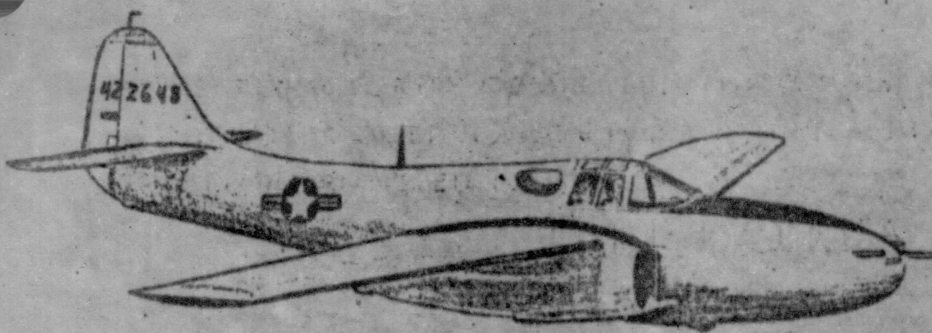
He was comin' on the downwind goin' one ninety per  
When his Hundred went into a spin  
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle  
And his body all covered with gin

Now the Pratt man said, "It can't be the engine  
'Cause that engine never chugs."  
So upon examination, pulling blades in every station  
They found it was the jet mix sludge

OK  
words

Chorus: (Low and Soft) (Tune-Funeral March)  
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks  
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks  
Oh won't they be excited, Oh won't they be delighted  
Just think of what they can buy  
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks





# RED NOSE MIGS

(Tune: Shrimp Boats)

Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'  
Not a Sabre in sight  
Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'  
And they want to fight  
Let's hurry, hurry home  
Oh won't you hurry, hurry home?  
Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'  
Not a Sabre in sight!

# MIG 15

(Tune: I T'ought I taw a Puttycat)

ok  
I t'ought I taw a MiG-15  
A tweeping up on me  
I did, I did, I taw him  
As big as he could be!

I am that great big MiG-15  
Ivan is my name  
And if I catch that '84  
I'll shoot him down in flame!

# ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow  
I lost my jet pilot from flying so low  
He put on an air show, he did it for me  
At altitude zero he clobbered a tree  
With throttle wide open he made his last pass  
On top of old Fuji he busted his ass!

(All songs on this page from "Repulsive Rhapsodies," 58th Fighter-Bomber Wing)

IN-FLIGHT REFUELING  
(Tune - Strawberry Rhone)

7

Oh come fighter pilots, both young and old  
And I'll tell you a story, that'll make you turn cold  
A story of tankers, and a flight out to sea  
And I hate to tell you what they did to me

Oh we took off from George, oh so early one morn  
The weather was balmy, but not really warm  
We soon left the coast line, and headed to sea  
And for the last time land I did see

Oh we flew on for hours, it seemed like more  
We flew and we flew, till my butt it got sore  
And we finally got to that point far from land  
Where there were supposed to be tankers at hand

But yes, you have guessed it, no one was there  
Nothing around, but ocean and air  
We called and we called, but it was in vain  
There was nobody out there to refuel my plane

Oh we circled and circled, and hollered for gas  
The pain was beginning, to leave my ass  
'Twas beginning to fucker, and turn a dull hue  
Then finally a tanker came into view

Well by-gones were by-gones, and we didn't bitch  
We just latched onto, that sonofabitch  
What he, called the scanner, "It's under your wing  
If you don't hook up, you likely will ding!"

Well I stabbed and I stabbed, and I stabbed some more  
But I couldn't hit, that dirty old whore  
I looked at my gas gauge, and it was down low  
I backed off again, and tried it real slow

So I tried it real slow boys, but that didn't work  
So I tried again fast, what a hell of a jerk  
The funnel it hit me, one hell of a blow  
As I looked at the cold water down there below

I looked at that water, so cold and so chilled  
And I thought to myself, I'll soon be killed  
So I'd better hook up, and take on some fuel  
Cause that water below looks uncomfortably cool

So I finally did it, I hit that damn hose  
I hit that old funnel, right square on the nose  
The engineer said, "Sir, your taking on fuel"  
But the bastard was lying, the dirty old fool

I called that damn scanner, said, "Turn on the gas  
I can't wait much longer, or I'll bust my ass."  
He looked up from his paper, and said with a grin  
"You know there are days like, when you just can't win"

(Cont next page)

*continued*



IN FLIGHT REFUELING (Cont)

That's the end of my story, I'm sorry to say  
That old P-100, lies out in the bay  
But I'll have my vengeance, you can bet your life  
Cause there's no tanker pilot, that I'm gonna knife

I LOVE OLD WING OPS AND FLYING SAFETY  
(Tune-Deer Hearts and Gentle Peckle)

I Love old Wing Ops, and Flying Safety  
There's nothing but hot air  
But if you bust one, and hit the barrier  
You know damn well that they'll be there

I read my dash one, from dawn till sunset  
But it don't go so well  
For when the board meets, and I go up there  
I know they're going to give me hell

I feel so helpless, each time I try to fly  
For I know they'll watch each move I make  
And so it's Wing Ops, and Flying Safety  
Watching every rule I break

THE COMRADES LAMENT  
(Tune- Clementine)

Once a flier, do or die, in his faithful Sabre true  
After hitchin, flew a mission, to the town of Sinanju  
Still in flight he, saw some mighty, Russian MIG's upon his tail  
With a quiver, and a shiver, he let out an awful wail

Chorus: Sayonara, Sayonara, Sayonara, Ah so Des  
If you find me, never mind me  
I will be an awful mess

Then a Mustang, went in busting, Just to see what he could do  
But alas, he made a pass and that was all, they got him too  
Thought an 80 I'm so great he'll never get a shot at me  
Wasn't gone long when his own song  
Sounded just like this to me

Then a Thunder Jet who hadn't blundered yet  
Thought he'd try it all alone  
Like a blotter hit the water, shook the end of Davey Jones  
So the tally in MIG alley isn't quite like all the claims  
But as a fair course to the Air Force  
We won't mention any names



We're from the Eight Six  
 The hairy chested Eight Six  
 Whenever we go out and have a ball  
 We take delight in stirring up a fight  
 And knocking hawks and tigers in the head  
 Till they're dead

HA HA, HA  
 HO HO, HO  
 HEE, HEE, HEE

We have gotten  
 A rep for being rotten  
 We put poison in our CO's Cream of Wheat  
 We're from the eight six  
 The hairy chested eight six  
 And we eat (ROAR) Raw Meat!  
 (Call the waiter - More Beer)

## PADDY MURPHY

Have you ever been in an Irishman's shanty  
 Where whiskey is plenty and the money is scanty  
 A bed on the floor, a roof of thatch  
 And a string on the door instead of a latch  
 Now there were icepicks and toothpicks  
 And all kinds of lunatics, ice cream and cold cream  
 The girls were drinking kerosene

Now the night that Paddy Murphy died is one I'll not forget  
 The boys they started drinking and some ain't sober yet  
 Now the night that Paddy Murphy died  
 They came from far and near  
 They took the ice right off the corpse, and put it in their beer.

And that's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy  
 That's how we showed our honor and our pride  
 That's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy  
 On the night that Paddy died

## HERE'S TO \_\_\_\_\_

Here's to \_\_\_\_\_, he's true blue  
 He's a drunkard through and through  
 He's a drunkard so they say  
 Oh he tried to go to Heaven  
 But he went the other way  
 So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug  
 So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug



PILOT'S HEAVEN  
(Tune, Ghost Riders in the Sky)

10

AS WE WERE FLYING THROUGH THE SKY  
ONE BRIGHT AND SUNNY DAY,  
WE SPIED A BIG BLACK THUNDERSTORM  
ALYING IN OUR WAY  
FLY RIGHT ON THROUGH, THE COLONEL SAID  
WE DO MOST ANYTHING  
AND NOW WE'RE UP IN HEAVEN  
AND HEAR THE ANGELS SING.

OH IT'S SO VERY NICE UP HERE  
AWAY UP IN THE SKY  
THERE NO ONE HERE WITH HEN-HOUSE WAYS  
THERE IS NO TRY  
THE FOOD IS GOOD, THE CO'S SWEET  
WE HAVE NO NEED TO FEAR,  
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS OCS--  
WE ALL WEAR WINGS UP HERE

AS I LOOKED DOWN ON EARTH ONE DAY  
WE SAW A GRUESOME SIGHT  
IT MADE OUR BLOOD RUN VERY COLD  
IT TURNED OUR LIVES WHITE,  
THE WHOLE COMMAND FROM OMAHA  
WAS HEADED UP THIS WAY  
WE CALLED OUR LORD BEFORE US  
AND ALL KNELT DOWN TO PRAY

THE GENERAL TOLD OUR BOSS, THE LORD  
NOW THIS IS NOT A PRANK  
HE SHOUTED IN A MIGHT VOICE  
JUST WHAT'S YOUR DATE OF BARK  
THE LORD SAT THERE--HIS HEAD WAS BOWED,  
THE GENERAL SHOUTED CLEAR,  
THERE'S JUST NOT ROOM IN HEAVEN  
FOR TWO CO'S UP HERE

THE LORD HE CALLED US 'FORB THE SERPENT  
AND THESE LAST WORDS HE SAID,  
YOUR TOUR UP HERE IS DONE, MY BOYS  
YOUR MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD,  
WE'LL SEND YOU OUT ON PCS  
BUT NAMES WE CANNOT TELL  
ONE HALF TO GO THREE WING O SIX,  
THE OTHER HALF TO H-B-L-E



MY DARLING 39  
(Tune- My Darling Clementine)

11

In the cockpit of the Cobra  
Trying hard to reach the line  
But alas my engine faltered  
Fare thee well my 39

Chorus: Oh my darling, Oh my darling  
Oh my darling 39  
You are lost and gone forever  
Fare thee well my 39

OK

When you're spinning very flatly  
And you've got a worried mind  
That's all brother, hit the jumpsack  
Bid farewell to you 39

All the brass hats in our congress  
They have signed the dotted line  
They are lucky they just bought it  
They don't fly the 39

SONG OF THE 18TH  
(Tune- Wreck of Old 97)

12

It's a long, long road from Pusan to Pyong-yang  
And the mountains are high and wide  
If my engine quits, you can write off a mustang  
Cause K'm fixing to go over the side

OK

Col. McBride led his boys on a mission  
And the chinks started throwing up flak  
He said, "Run on up boys, and we'll clean out our engines  
And the drinks are on the last one to get back."

Close support is a damn fine sortie  
Cause you work so close to the troops  
You get hit twelve times by a 20 or a 40  
and your engine coughs sputters and poops

So you hit the silk and you land in a meadow  
And the chinks start blazing away  
And a copter comes along and picks up your elbow  
Registration boys will find the rest some day

It's a damn fine war and I love every mission  
And I guess I'm here to stay  
But I'd rather shag a broad by suggestive cotton  
Or catch the clap in old Santa Fe.



THE FIGHTING COIN  
(Tune- MacArthur's Band)

13

We're here to tell a story of squadron 69  
Came over from Asia to join the fighting eight  
They're sitting here before us, tapping up the tree  
They don't belong in a fighter group, but what can Chitty do

Chorus: La da da da, What can he do  
La da da da, What can he do  
La da da da, What can he do  
Oh they don't belong in a fighter group  
But what can Chitty do

OK

They fly their old night fighters, they take off after dark  
They don't know where they're going, they're just up for a lark  
They never brief, they always beef, fly strictly on a hunch  
Their call should be "Banana" cause they fly in such a bunch

You know we also fly at night, thank God the times are few  
We often hear night fighters saying, "Moonshine, is that you?"  
"Moonshine, this is feminine, this is feminine I say  
Won't you tell those nasty shooting Stars to land they're in our way!"

AIN'T IT A BLOODY SHAME  
(Tune- Poor but Honest)

14

We were fat back in the Truman's  
Drinking beer, and sometimes wine  
When they said, "You're going over  
To Korea's fighting line."

We were young and we were eager  
To get one hundred and go home  
But they slipped the finger to us  
And left us here - far o'er the foam

Now they sit in USAF Headquarters  
Making rules so much unkind  
It's the same the whole world over  
Isn't it a bloody shame

OK

Shed a tear when you think of us  
Sitting here on old K-2  
While you sleep with all our sweethearts  
As we fly the old Yalu



SPOT PROMOTION  
(Tune- Cold Cold Heart)

15

I've tried, so hard my friend, to think  
That rank was worth a lot  
But now you've gone and got yourself  
Promoted to a spot  
Your job is one that could be done  
By any PFC  
How can I get your ass shipped out  
And get that spot for me

OK

You'll be a full bird soon, my friend  
Of that I have no doubt  
The tfo's being changed right now  
They ripped it inside out  
Lieutenant General, Wing CO  
The staff all gets one star  
At least we'll have some rank around  
To help us fight the war

Another week or two in grade  
We'll put you in again  
You needn't wait to learn your job  
That's for enlisted men  
The only thing I envy is  
The talent that you got  
How can I get your ass shipped out  
And get your open spot

CHITOSE BLUES  
(Tune- Cigaretts and Whiskey)

17

Once I was happy and had a dear wife  
I had enough Yen to last me for life  
I met with a Josan and we went on a spree  
She started me smokin' and drinkin' Saki

Chorus: Cigaretts and Saki and wild wild Josans  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane  
Cigaretts and Saki and wild wild Josans  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane

I went to Asmuchi, a bath for to take  
I met me a Josan who was on the make  
The bath it was hot and the Josan was too  
If you go to Asmuchi my boys you are through

I went to my room, some sleep for to get  
She said no sleep boy, with me there's no sweat  
I woke the next morning at quarter past ten  
She says, "Hey Yankee, that's four thousand Yen."

I'm back in Chitose where we sing and we shout  
Me and the Doc are sweating it out  
He gave me some pills from a jug on the shelf  
Then he poured out a doses of two for himself.



# AND I LEARNED ABOUT FLYING FROM HIM (Line - I learned about flying from him)

I've handled the stick and the rudder  
I've flown quite a lot in my time  
I've had my share of instructors  
and some of the bunch were fine  
A logged fellow from Princeton  
And one that was trained at Cornell  
And a fellow from Brooks, but they gave him the hooks  
And the Shavetail that gave me hell

The fellow from Princeton was steady  
He taught me to take off and land  
He'd put her down on three points  
And loop her to beat the band  
But when I went up for a solo  
The Jonnie was steady and trim  
Well, I landed that ship, but I busted my hip  
And I learned about flying from him

OK

The man for Cornell was a bad one  
A sch-ff-a-son I will say  
The dirty tail-spin he gave me  
Will last for many a day  
I donated a lunch to the cockpit  
But he dived and he spun her again  
He gave me a howl when I ducked for the cowl  
And I learned about flying from him

The fellow from Brooks used the Gower  
And he talked through a long rubber tube  
All that I heard was he was saying  
He spotted me for a boob  
I'll never forget he had tailspin  
He yelled, kick the rudder you son  
But I didn't kick, I just wiggled the stick  
And I learned about flying from him

At last I came to formation  
And took a fast ship from the line  
I made the first turn a humming  
And brought her back upright just fine  
I sped up the ship without blinking  
And hit number five in the wing  
And when I got well, the O gave me hell  
And I learned about flying from him

I've handled the stick and the rudder  
I've flown quite a lot in my time  
I've had my share of instructors  
and some of the bunch were fine  
But take some straight dope from a flyer  
And go with the navy to sea  
For the time that I was there I had some



(16)

STRAFIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN  
(Tune - She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old  
To the tale of Fighter Pilots young and bold  
With their fighters painted yellow  
Leaping off to contact Mellow  
In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold

OK

It was dive bomb old Sinuiju, stop the Reds  
Eight one thousand pounders, louder, instead heads  
Four birds lined up on the runway  
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday  
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds

Twenty thousand over Pyongyang on Northwest  
Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test  
Till at least the Yalu River  
Which makes my liver quiver  
With flak guns lined up twenty-four abreast

Dust clouds rool up from Antung across the way  
Twenty swept wing Chinese war birds out to play  
Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes  
All lit up like Christmas trees  
Tip tanks salvoed off we leap into the fray

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste  
Twenty victory roll out pilots do with grace  
It was thrilling, it was hairy  
Near that privileged sanctuary  
S ngman Rhee will soon be president of this place

Kimpo tower this is Gas Mask through with this damn war  
I am flying on to Taegu  
Heading one-five-two to K-2  
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more

(19)

MEET ME IN KYOTO  
(Tune - Meet Me in St. Louis)

Meet me in Kyoto, Kyoto  
Meet me at the shrine  
Take your shoes off when you enter  
Or you'll pay a fine  
We will have a rare sukiyaki  
Then we'll have a cup of sake  
If you'll meet me in Kyoto, Kyoto  
Meet me at the shrine

OK

Z (18)

AND I LEARNED ABOUT FLYING FROM HIM  
(Tune- I Learned about Women From Her)

I've handled the stick and the rudder  
I've flown quite a lot in my time  
I've had my share of instructors  
And some of the bunch were fine  
A howlegged fellow from Princeton  
And one that was trained at Cornell  
And a fellow from Brooks, but they gave him the hooks  
And the Shavetail that gave me hell

The fellow from Princeton was steady  
He taught me to takeoff and land  
He'd set her down on three points  
And loop her to beat the band  
But when I went up for a solo  
The Jennie was steady and trim  
Well, I landed that ship, but I busted my hip  
And I learned about flying from him

OK

The man for Cornell was a bad one  
A son-of-a-gun I will say  
The dirty tail-spin he gave me  
Will last for many a day  
I donated a lunch to the cockpit  
But he dived and he spun her again  
He gave me a howl when I ducked for the cowl  
And I learned about flying from him

The fellow from Brooks used the Gasport  
And he talked through a long rubber tube  
All that I heard was he swearing  
He spotted me for a boob  
I'll never forget one bad tailspin  
He yelled, kick the rudder you slump  
But I didn't kick, I just wiggled the stick  
And I learned about flying from him

At last I came to formation  
And took a fast ship from the line  
I made the first turn a humming  
And brought her back upright just fine  
I sped up the ship without thinking  
And hit number two in the wing  
And—When I got well, the CO gave me hell  
And I learned about flying from him

I've handled the stick and the rudder  
I've flown quite a lot in my time  
I've had my share of instructors  
And some of the bunch were fine  
But take some straight dope from a flyer  
And go with the navy to sea  
For the ships they have there can land anywhere  
And learn about flying from me.



THE AIR FORCE SONG  
(Tune: The Battle Hymn of the Republic)

21

Wine, boys have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky  
With hearts that laughed at death, who lived for nothing but to fly  
But now those hearts are wounded, and those days are long gone by  
The Air Force's gone to hell

Chorus:

Glory flying regulations, have them read at every station  
Crucify the man that breaks them, the Air Force's gone to hell

My bones have felt their pounding throbs, a hundred thousand strong  
A ninety airborne legion set to right the deadly wrong  
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song  
The Air Force's gone to hell

I have seen them in their B-bobs, when their eyes were dancing flame  
I've seen their screaming power dives, that blasted Goering's name  
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame  
Their spirit's shot to hell

Once they flew P-26's through a living hell of flame  
And bloody flying pilots, gave their lives to bring them back  
But now they all play pig puns in the operations shack  
Their technique's gone to hell

The lordly flying fortresses and the liberator too  
Once wrote the doom of Germany, with contrails in the blue  
But now the skies are empty, and our planes are wet with dew  
And we can't fly for hell

You have heard your pounding: 50's blaze from wings of polished steel  
The rumbling of your Harrier was a song your heart could feel  
But now the B-5 charges you with its monolithic grand equal  
And it won't elude for hell

Have you ever climbed a lightning up to snore the air in thin  
Have you stuck your long nose downward, just to hear the screaming din  
Have you tried to do it lately, better yet you'll sugar in  
And then you'll have to catch hell

~~I have seen them in their Sabre's, when their eyes were dancing flame  
I have seen their screaming power dives that blasted Stalin's name  
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame  
Their spirit's shot to hell~~

Har Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song  
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong  
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong  
The Air Force's gone to hell

We were cocky bold and happy when we played the angel's game  
We split the blue with buzzing, and we rolled our way to fame

Our spirit's shot to hell

(End!)

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap  
 We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap  
 But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that  
 Or you will burn in hell

My eyes got dim with tears when I recall the days of old  
 When pilots took their choice of being old or young and bold  
 Alas I have no choice and I will live to be quite old  
 The Air Force's gone to hell

But smile while my pilots tho' your eyes may still be wet  
 Someday we'll be in heaven where the rules have not been set  
 And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let-  
 The Air Force fly like hell

Chorus: #2

Glory no more regulations, rip them down at every station  
 Ground the guy that tries to make one, and let us fly like hell

FLYER'S SONG  
 (Tune - April Showers)

Although I lack showers, they come your way  
 They'll bring the panic, that makes you say  
 My fuel is fastening, I'm coming home  
 If you want to stay and fight, you may  
 Stay and fight alone  
 I've added thrusters, I'm on my way  
 I'll live to come back some other day  
 So keep on strutting that position  
 And knock it out for me  
 I'm just a close supporter, can't you see

# INTO THE AIR

Into the air, U.S. Air Force  
 Into the air, pilots true  
 Into the air, U.S. Air Force  
 Keep your nose up in the blue  
 And when you hear the engines roaring  
 And the steel props start to shine  
 Then you can bet the U.S. Air Force  
 Is along the fighting line

Into the air, junior birdmen  
 Into the air, upside down  
 Into the air, junior birdmen  
 Get your nose up off the ground  
 And when you hear the great commencement  
 And you win your wings of tin  
 You will know the junior birdmen  
 Have sent their box tops in



(22)

KUNI-RI AND ANTUNG  
(Tune-Cigarettes and Whiskey)

Once I was happy and had a good deal  
I flew Fox-Eighty-Eights at old Victorville *Turner Field*  
They asked for a volunteer, said, "I'll take you".  
The next thing I knew I was stuck in Inogul

Chorus: Kuni-ri and Antung, and wild wild Pyong-ying  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane  
Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane

We go down to briefing while it is still night  
We lift off the runway before it is light  
We form in the gloom and we're off on our way  
We're over the target before it is day

We're up to the Yalu, there's cons overhead  
We think of the Wheels who are snug in their beds  
We drop our big tips and we break to the right  
"Josie" we cry with all of our might

We steer on 280, we're up in the soup  
We swear that the leader is doing a loop  
Break out in the clear and set down on K-2  
Be careful or Willie will write about you

Oh the Chosen is frozen and all wet with ice  
From thirty-five thousand she looks mighty nice  
But ask a foot soldier and he'll set you plumb straight  
It's covered with Reds blood imbedded with hate

Oh the MIG is a blot on the whole human race  
A nut is a monkey to give one a chase  
Here's my description, take warning dear brother  
There's fire on one end, but cannons on t'other

Went up to MIG alley, S-2 said "No Sweat"  
If I hadn't looked 'round, I'd be up there yet  
Six MIGS jumped our ass, and the leader yelled "BREAK"  
Got back to K-10, how my knees they did shake

If I fly a hundred and they ask for more  
I'll tell them to jam it, my ass is too sore  
They can run it and jam it for all that I care  
Just give me a Wang job, a desk and a chair

I went on my mission to cut a rail track  
They said, "There's no sweat 'cause there ain't any flack"  
But the guns from that place would make day out of night  
Oh god how I wish all I did was dog fight

Oh it's up to the Yalu in my flying machine  
The Sud-Lo Reservoir is plainly seen  
But MIG's out of Inogul went down my back  
So I head towards Kaneg's and get shot down by flock

OK

Tune ( Ghost Riders in the Sky)

Two Voodoo men came rolling out  
one dark and stormy night  
the scramble horn had sent them  
off to face this sudden fright  
The weatherman had told them  
the night would be CAVES  
But when they leaped into the mark  
Adios, Voodoo

Voodoo, Voodoo, Night Fighters in  
the sky.

They climbed on out the corridor  
and picked up one point two,  
Then old Cowbird called to them  
we've got a track for you  
He's heading for the U.S.A., a'doing  
one point three  
you better shoot that Mother down  
before he gets to me.

Voodoo, Voodoo, Night Fighters in the  
sky.

He kicked in both his burners  
That Voodoo moved right out  
and then the pilot heard the RO  
start to scream and shout  
I've got a contact on my scope  
he's drifting to the right  
so put her in a Starboard turn  
and rack it in real tight

Horn turn, Horn turn, stick  
pusher in the night.

He had his turn established then  
he horsed back on the stick  
the horn began to blow like hell  
and then the pusher kicked.  
The airplane gave a shudder  
the nose began to rise  
He looked into the mirror and saw  
Two great big frightened eyes.

Drag chute, drag chute, pull that  
handle quick.

The gyros were a-tumbling and  
the bird began to spin  
The R.O. said you simple tool  
were going to auger in  
They pulled up on their handles quick  
and then their seats they blew  
As they floated through the night  
ADIOS, Voodoo.

Mayday, Mayday, Night Fighters in the sky.

When the troops are sitting round  
the old aleb shack  
They talk about two Voodoo men  
who ain't a-coming back  
The old Pacific gotten  
their lesson we learned well  
When you hear that horn blow  
it may be Gabriel!

Voodoo, Voodoo, it ain't no 102

FIGHTER PILOTS DEATH

"I know that I shall meet my fate  
Somewhere amidst the clouds above  
Those I fight I do not hate  
Those I guard I do not love .....  
Nor law, nor duty made me fight  
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds  
A lonely impulse of delight  
Drove to this tumult in the clouds  
I balance all, brought all to mind  
The years to come seen waste for breath  
A waste for breath the years behind  
In balance with this life, this death

OK



SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS  
(Tune- Throw a Nickel on the Grass)

24

I t was midnight in Korea  
All the pilots were in bed  
When up stepped Colonel \_\_\_\_\_  
And this is what he said  
Sabres, gentle Sabres, Sabres one and all  
Pilots, gentle Pilots, And all the pilots shouted BALLS  
When up stepped a young Lieutenant  
With a voice as harsh as brass  
"You can Take those God Damn Sabre Jets and shove them up your ass

Chorus: Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass  
Save a fighter pilots ass  
Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass  
And you'll be saved

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per  
There came a call from the Major, Oh won't you save me sir  
Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six MIG's on my ass

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right  
The airspeed read one-thirty, my God I racked it tight  
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground  
There came a call from the tower, pull up and go around  
I racked the Sabre in the air a dozen feet or more  
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low  
I pressed the bloody button, Let both my babies go  
I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit a high speed stall  
Now I won't see my mother when the works all done this fall

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Stoche ack ack"  
But by the time I got there, my wings were holed by flak  
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to die

I bailed out from that Sabre, my landing was top line  
With my B and B equipment, I made for our front line  
When I opened up my ration tin, to see what was in it  
The God Damn Quartermaster, had filled the thing with shit

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit  
For one cannot go ver far, on a ration tin of shit  
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly  
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix, for breakfast till I die

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and headed for the ditch  
I looked down at my prop, my God it's in high pitch  
I pulled back on the stick, and rose into the air  
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, how did I get there

The boys up from that other group, they think they are so hot  
They brag about the "Blustails", that they've so often shot  
One thing they don't remember, when are they holier and hoot  
Is to look into their mirror, just before they shoot

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say we're going home  
They tell us no more wandering, never more we'll roam  
But the Colonels up at Langley, are planning on the sly  
Just where they're gonna send us, on our next TDY

I started on my takeoff, I thought the flaps were down  
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake scraped the ground  
The General he smiled at me, he thought it was great fun  
But then I met the F.B.B., Chitose here I come

We flew our Sabres through the war, we flew them far and fast  
But when the war was over, we knew it couldn't last  
They sent our old instructors, to teach us all their tricks  
So now we're flying training, behind those dirty pricks

Letting down from forty-four, busting through the mesh  
that Sabre Jet was moving now, falling like a rock  
My boom was aimed right at the field, there was an awful sound  
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting on the ground

I started up into a loop, I thought that I was clear  
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought the end was near  
I went before the F.B.B., and they gave me the works  
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, what a bunch of jerks

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low  
There came a call from Melrose, "One more and home you go"  
I pulled that Sabre in the flue, she hit a high speed stall  
Now I won't see my mother, when the work's all done this fall

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my beer  
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near  
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save me from the worst  
Every body bust a butt and sing the second verse



How you can send me twice a day  
 To the Pasde Calais  
 But don't send me over the Ruhr  
 Send me to Paris or a target in France  
 Any old place that I might have a chance  
 You can send me twice a day  
 To the Pasde Calais  
 But don't send me over the Ruhr

You may think I'm wacky  
 But I'm only slightly flaky  
 Don't send me over the Ruhr  
 Now the alert's on the phone  
 And the target's Cologne  
 MY God, that's on the edge of the Ruhr

Send me to Bremen or old Potsdam town  
 Any place you can see through the flak to the ground  
 You can send me twice a day  
 To the Pasde Calais  
 But don't send me over the Ruhr  
 For even when I'm starting  
 I'm planning on aborting  
 Don't send me over the Ruhr

## THE THING

I've flown around for many a year, from Berlin to Taegu  
 But never a thing I saw like the thing, cruising along the Yalu  
 I was tooling up and down one day, with nary a thought on my mind  
 When suddenly was this!!!, right up my behind  
 When suddenly was this!!!, right up my behind

I dropped my tanks and broke to the right, called help to my wingman  
 He took on look at the !!!, and he turned around and ran  
 And then I called on another guy, known as Maple Red  
 But when he saw that !!!, he ducked his nose and fled  
 But when he saw that !!!, he ducked his nose and fled

And then there was this other bird, who yelled at altitude  
 There may be more of those !!!, and I've lost my fortitude  
 Then finally came this swept-wing thing, one of the famous fourth  
 He said I'll get that !!!, his fifties spattered forth  
 He said I'll get that !!!, his fifties spattered forth

And then I looked around again, and much to my surprise  
 I saw him clobber the !!!, right before my eyes  
 The MIG blew up went down in flames, his comrades followed suit  
 Because of the guy in the !!!, who knew just when to shoot  
 Because of the guy in the !!!, who knew just when to shoot

Now all you jockeys of eighty-fours, here's my advice to you  
 Never go cruising up and down, north of Sinsaju  
 Unless you've got the famous fourth, hovering over you  
 Cause they'll take care of the !!!, they know just what to do  
 Cause they'll take care of the !!!, they know just what to do

My father makes rum in the bathtub  
My mother makes two kinds of gin  
My sister makes love for a living  
My God how the money rolls in

Chorus: Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in  
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary  
He saves little girlies from sin  
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars  
My God how the money rolls in

My uncle paints real frenchy postcards  
My auntie she poses for him  
Her costume cost nary a penny  
My God how the money rolls in

I tried making all kinds of whiskey  
I tried making all kinds of gin  
I tried making love for a living  
My God the Condition I'm in

Chorus #2: Sin, sin sin, sin, my God the condition I'm in, I'm in  
Sin, sin, sin, sin, my God how the money rolls in

My father he died in his bathtub  
My mother she died of her gin  
My sister she married my brother  
MY GOD WHAT A MESS I AM IN

#### IF YOU FLY

If you fly an 89, you must be dumb deaf and blind  
For your life ain't worth a dime, what's your scheduled blow up time  
Chorus:

Will you go boom today, will you go boom today  
Two blew up yester day, Allison ain't here to stay

If you fly an 86, you must really get your kicks  
Bouncing the all weather boys, playing with their radar toys

If you fly a 94, you will never holler more  
For your lot we do not pine, it's better than an 89

If you fly a thunder-jet, you will really have no sweat  
For your life you will not pound, the clunker won't get off the ground

#### I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store  
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't any more  
A lady came in, she asked for a hit  
I asked her what kind she adored  
Felt she said, and felt her I did  
I did but I don't any more

Cake - Layer

Lamp - Floor

Knife -

Glue - Paste

Green - Paste

Knife -

Food - Pet

Razor - Injector

Knife -



Please sing to me that sweet melody  
 Called Doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
 I like the rest but the part I like best  
 Is doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
 Simplest thing, there isn't much to it  
 All you got to do is doodle-lee-doo it  
 I love it so, wherever I go  
 I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

Two little lovers, under the covers  
 What'll they do, doodle-lee-doo  
 I would suggest that they should undress  
 And doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
 Cherries are red, ready for plucking  
 I'm sixteen and I'm ready for high school  
 I love it so, wherever I go  
 I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

Please do to me what you did to Marie  
 Last Saturday night, Saturday night  
 It must have been real, cause I heard Marie squeal  
 Last Saturday night, Saturday night  
 Don't know what, what you were doing  
 Somebody said you were doodle-lee-doo in  
 I love it so, wherever I go  
 I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

Miss Anna Snow went out on a show  
 Called doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
 She made a hit just playing her bit  
 In doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
 Twenty four hours, that's all there was to it  
 How in this world did she doodle-lee-doo it  
 Got a Hollie Royce, but not by her folks  
 But doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

## BALL OF YARN

33

Was a sunny day in June all the flowers were in bloom  
 The birds were singing gaily on the farm  
 When I spied a maiden fair and I said unto her there  
 Let me wind up your little ball of yarn

She said sir can't you see you're a stranger to me  
 But follow me out behind the barn  
 There's a shady little nook beside the babbling brook  
 Where you can wind up my little ball of yarn

Now young man take my advice never stay out late at night  
 And you'll never lose your cherry or your charm  
 Be like the bluebird and the robin keep your little P from bobbin'  
 And you'll never wind up that little ball of yarn

Sing Hallelujah for maneuvers  
For maneuvers are on our way  
Now don't be grieving cause he's leaving  
We'll be back the first of May  
Good times lie before us  
Not that you hear us  
But we like to get away  
Sing Hallelujah for maneuvers  
For maneuvers are on our way



34

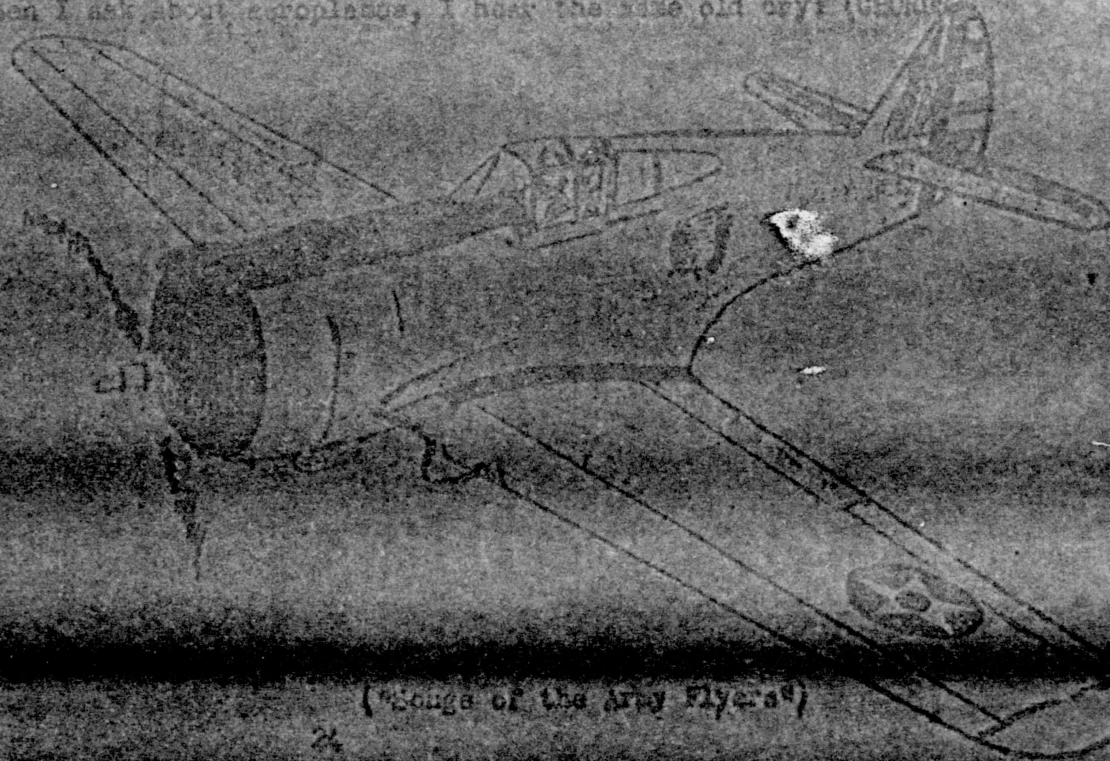
We're marching on our way  
 We're marching on our way  
 How don't we go flying o'er the sea  
 We'll be back the first of May  
 And then we'll be home  
 But we like to get away  
 Sing Hail Aloha for Kamehameha  
 For Kamehameha walks on our way

### LOOK AT THE EARS ON HIM

I heard they wanted men to fight as aviators bold  
 So I went down, held up my hand, and this is what they told  
 "You'll go to Kelly Field and learn to navigate the sky"  
 When I got there I was "SOL" for this is how I fly

CHORUS: "Look at the ears on him, on him  
 Oh! How do you get that way?"  
 That was the greeting I received as I marched in today.  
 First they put me into the kitchen, "K" was my name,  
 I wrote my girl that I was a flier  
 Gee! but I'm a wonderful liar.  
 "Look at the ears on him, on him,  
 Oh! How do you get that way?"  
 That is the only battle cry I hear both night and day  
 If I'm to fight in this great war and end the Kaiser's reign  
 They'd better take up no kettles and pans  
 And give me an aeroplane!

I've peeled a million apples since I've been in this flying game  
 I've swung a pick and shovel, "All my weary back is lame"  
 I've navigated lots of ground but not an inch of sky  
 And when I ask about aeroplanes, I hear the same old cry (CHORUS)



("Song of the Army Flyers")

(36)

CREEPING AND CRAWLING

One night as I was crawlin' and creeping, creeping, creeping  
I spied a young maiden so peacefully sleeping  
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more

I said to her can I come to bed with you  
And then she replied you're not handcuffed or tied  
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more

Her drawers were tight and I could not get in them  
And then she replied there's a knife on the table

The knife was sharp and her drawers split asunder  
And then we were banging like lightening and thunder  
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more

In about nine months lay the poor maid asunder  
And then she remembered the lightning and thunder  
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more

HUMORESQUE

Passengers will please refrain  
From flushing toilets while the train  
Is standing in the station, I love you  
As we go strolling through the park  
And goosing shadows in the dark  
If Shermans horse can take it, why can't you

You're the guy that did the pushing  
Put the wet spots on the cushion  
Foot prints on the dash board upside down  
Ever since you met my daughter  
She's had trouble passing water  
Wish that you had never come to town

I'm the guy that did the pushing  
Put the wet spots on the cushion  
Foot prints on the dash board upside down  
Since I met your daughter Venus  
I've had trouble with my penis  
Wish I'd never seen your God damn town

I LOVE A BILLBOARD

I love a billboard, I always will  
A sexy billboard gave me, my first thrill  
When I was only a little child  
A sexy billboard drove me wild.



# HINKY DI

35

Up in Korea midst high rocks and snow  
The poor Chinese Commie is felling quite low  
For as the Corsairs roar by overhead  
He knows that his buddies all soon will be dead

Chorus: Hinky di Dinky Dinky di  
Hinky di Dinky Dinky di

Lin Pao went way up to cold Kato Ri  
His prize Chinese army in action to see  
He got there a half hour after the U's  
And all that he found was their hate and their ships

Run little chink man save your ass run  
For 323 is out looking for fun  
Is the big white nosed Corsairs came down in their dives  
YOU'll know the deathrattlers are after your lives

Uncle Joe Stalin your stooges have found  
It just doesn't pay to invade foreign ground  
For when they disturbed the severe morning calm  
They brought on the rockets, bombs and napalm

Here's to the 2-C, the vought people too  
And their well known product the blue F4U  
To all gyrene pilots and carriers at sea  
And to the deathrattlers squadron ol' 323

We fought at Pyong Yang and at Hagaru  
At Kumb wa and Kaesang and Oyangbu  
So here's to our pilots and here's to our crew  
The target, the snake, and the blue F4U

## OLD NUMBER NINE

37

Twas a dark and stormy night, not a star was in sight  
All the Mustangs were tied down to the line  
When in rain up to his ears, stood a lonely volunteer  
With his orders to fly old number nine

His ass was racked with pain as he climbed into his plane  
And his bung hole was puckered fit to tie  
And he whispered a prayer as he clumbed into the air  
For he knew that this was his night to die

As he flew o'er Ha-a-ru he cold see a school or two  
And the women and children very well  
But how was he to know that he'd fly so Goddamned low  
That his bomb blast would blow his ass to hell

In the wreck he was found thinly spread out on the ground  
And the crunchiees they raised his weary head  
With his life almost spent here's the message that he sent  
To his buddies who'd be sad to see him dead

I used an 8 to 10 delay but it didn't work out that way  
Without a tail a F4U won't fly  
Tell the Skipper for me, that he now has twenty three  
He can roll up the ladder—Skipper F4U

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the ocean  
And I were a whale I would teach the emotion

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, Oh roll your leg over  
Oh roll your leg over the moon in the moon

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower  
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the river  
And I were a sandbar I'd come to be them quiver

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture  
And I were a ram I'd make them run faster

Oh, if all little girls were like little white rabbits  
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixens  
And I were a fox I surely would fix 'em

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr  
I'd try twice as hard and get twice as far,

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover  
And I were a bull I would case them all over

Oh, if all little girls were like little white flowers  
And I was a bee I would buzz them for hours

Oh, if all little girls were like little white chickens  
And I was a rooster I'd give them the dickens

Oh, if all little girls were like little ole turtles  
And I was a turtle I'd get in their girdles

Oh, if all little girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee  
And I were her G-String Oh boy what I'd see

Oh, if all little girls were like nurses who would  
And I were a doctor I would if I could

Oh, if all little girls were like bricks in a pile  
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

Oh, I wish that all girls were like fish in a pool  
And I were a chap with a waterproof tool

*words*



Chorus: Rio, Rio, Rio, Rio, Jesus christ how I feel  
Fresh from a shore house, prick full of steel  
Thats my organ grinder

Laid her in her fathers hall  
Spread her ass from hall to hall  
Shoved it up into her gull  
With my old organ grinder

Fucked her in her fathers bed  
Shoved it up into her head  
And that girl till she was dead  
With my old organ grinder

Followed her to the burial ground  
Just to go another round  
Fucked her as they lowered her down  
With my old organ grinder

Some folks say I am a knave  
Say that I do not behave  
Cause I jacked off on her grave  
With my old organ grinder

OH MY GOD

Oh my God, we've all done wrong  
We've all been drunk for so GOD DAMN long  
And we don't give a Jesus if it rains, hails or freezes  
Let the old man say what he GOD DAMN pleases  
We're just a bunch of shitsters, a bunch of booze histers  
FIGHTER PILOTS ALL

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home  
I'm tired and I want to go to 'bed  
I had a little drink about an hour ago  
And it went right to my head  
Wherever I may roam  
On land or sea or fennel  
You will always hear me singing this song  
Show me the way to go home

Indicate the way to my abode  
I'm fatigued and want to retire  
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago  
And it went right to my cerebellum  
Wherever I may perambulate  
On land or sea or atmospheric vapor  
You can always hear me crooning this melody  
Indicate the way to my abode

BUDDY

BUDDY, BUDDY, have a good time  
Stay in bed till half past nine  
Drink your drink and flub your dub  
86th Fighter Country Club

Down our street, we had a merry party  
 Everybody there was oh so gay and hearty  
 Talk about a treat, we ate all the meat  
 And we drank all the beer  
 In the boozier down the street

There was old Uncle Joe, fair fucked up  
 We locked him in the cellar with the old bull pup  
 Little sonny Jim, tried to get it in  
 With his ass hole winking at the moon

Oh, Salome, Salome  
 Your should see Salome  
 Standing there, with her ass all bare  
 Waiting for someone to slide it in there  
 To slide it, and glide it  
 Right up her f'king chute  
 Two brass balls and a prick of steel  
 And a foreskin, full of shit

She's a big fat cow, twice the size of me  
 Hairs on her belly like the branches of a tree  
 She can jump eight feet  
 Wheel a barrow push a truck  
 That's my girl Salome

On Monday night, she takes it up the back  
 On Tuesday night, she takes in all the slack  
 On Wednesday night, she had a spell  
 On Thursday night, she fucks like hell  
 On Friday night, she takes it up her nose  
 In between her fingers and down between her toes  
 On Saturday night, she dishes out games  
 And she goes to church on Sunday  
 She just wants me for a sunbeam  
 And a fucking fine sunbeam I'll be

### RUGGED BUT RIGHT

I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right  
 A thief and a gamblin' woman, I'm drunk every nite.  
 I eat a porterhouse steak three times a day for my board  
 more than any ordinary gal can afford.  
 I've got a big electric fan to keep me cool while I sleep  
 A big handsome man to play around with my feet.  
 I'm just a ramblin' wiman, a gamblin' woman, I'm drunk every nite  
 I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.

Oh, we may be brown-skin lassies boys but what do we care  
 We've got the streamlined chassis boys, the do or die air,  
 We've got the hips to sink the ships of England, France and Paris  
 And if you like Napoleon boys, it's your Waterloo.  
 Oh take an intermission in my old Ford V8  
 I'd like to make it later but I've another late date  
 I'm just a ramblin' woman, a gamblin' woman, drunk every nite  
 I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right



The Cool and the Cadet were courting I declare  
 Even by the gate they didn't know that I was there  
 In the Cool she was bashful and the Cadet he was shy  
 He asked her if he could and this was her reply

You can do it if you want  
 But you'd better do it right  
 You'd better not do it  
 Like you did the other night  
 Cause if you do, I'm telling you  
 I'll never let you do it again  
 I really mean it  
 I'll never let you kiss me again

## A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman  
 Is like a ship without a sail  
 Is like a boat without a rudder  
 Like a horse without a tail

A man without a woman  
 Is like a shipwreck on the sand  
 But if there's one thing worse in the universe  
 It's a woman without a man

For you can roll a silver dollar  
 Cross the bar room floor

And it will roll, because it's round  
 And a woman never knows what a good man she's got  
 Until she turns him down

So honey listen, now honey listen to me  
 I want you to understand  
 That a silver dollar goes from hand to hand  
 While a woman goes from man to

## ACE IN THE HOLE

Oh the world is full of guys, who think they're night wise  
 Just because they know a thing or two  
 You can see them night and day strolling up and down Broadway  
 Telling of the things that they can do  
 Oh there are wise men and there are boosters  
 Con men and crap shooters, they all hang around the Metropole  
 Wearing fancy ties and collars, where do they get those dollars  
 They all have that ace down in the hole

Some of them write to the old folks, for dots  
 That's their old ace in the hole  
 Others have girls on the old tender-loin  
 That's their old ace in the hole  
 They'll tell you of places that they're going to see  
 From Frisco to the old north pole  
 But their ace would be bad, like a card playing dead  
 If they lost that old ace in the hole

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid  
 Down at the bottom of the sea  
 Minnie lost her corals, down there among the corals  
 Gee, but she was mighty nice to me  
 Now's many's the night with the pale moon shining  
 Down on her seaweed bungalow  
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
 Two twin beds and only one of them mused

Now you can easily see, she's not my mother  
 Because my mother's forty nine  
 And you can easily see, she's not my sister  
 Because I wouldn't show my sister  
 such a hell-uv-a good time  
 And you can easily see, she's not my sweetheart  
 Because my sweetheart's too refined  
 She's just a peach of a kid  
 She never knew what she did  
 She's just a personal friend of mine

TWO LADIES WERE CONFIDING  
 (Tune- River Shannon Flows)

Two ladies were confiding  
 On a streetcar where they were riding  
 Oh they must have been school teachers  
 Their conversation ran that way  
 One said, How many children have you  
 She replied, I've thirty thank you  
 And when the same was asked the other  
 She said I've thirty two  
 An old, Irish Lady, seated across the aisle  
 Said I heard your conversation  
 And I greet you with a smile  
 You must have been grand ladies  
 To have had so many babies  
 But your husbands must have come from  
 Where our River Shannon flows

COOL

I'm as cool as the tip of an eskimo's tool  
 I'm as cool as a fish in a frozen pool  
 Cool as a pane of frosty glass  
 Cool as the fringe around a polar bears ass  
 Cool



47

EARLY ABORT  
(Cone- MacMurray's Band)

WORDS

Oh, my name is Colonel \_\_\_\_\_ I'm the leader of the group  
Just step into my briefing room, I'll give you all the poop  
I'll tell you where the Comco is, and where the flak is black  
I'll be the last one off the deck, I'll be the first one back

Chorus: Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush  
Early abort, avoid the rush  
Oh my name is Colonel \_\_\_\_\_ I'm the leader of the group

My name is Major \_\_\_\_\_ and I lead old liberty  
And if I go on rail cuts, my boys will follow me  
But if you say Pyong Yang, I'll tell you what I'll do  
Get into your plane and get ahead, and I'll wait here for you

I'm sure you've heard of righteousness, and the things they do  
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true  
The pilots they are really hot, but the skipper shout  
And all those bastards, well, I guess, "My nags they won't check out!"

And then I'm sure you know of the leaders in the wing  
Any night in the O.C. you can hear how well they sing  
With words they fight a hell of a war, they say they wanta go too  
But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do

Oh I fly the old Intruder, and Douglas says it's great  
But when it comes to fighting MIG's, those bastards just don't rate  
I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue  
But when it comes to fighting MIG's, I'll tell you what I'll do

Now we'll all line up and take off, and set our course at ten  
And when we reach the no return, we'll all turn back again  
We'll call the tower and get a steer, we don't know where we've been  
Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off the belly in

Oh we fly those bloody Sabres at a hundred bloody feet  
We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet  
We think we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low  
And we make our bloody landfall at the Firth of bloody Forth

Oh we fly those bloody Sabres at a hundred bloody feet  
We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet  
And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low  
And we hit the marker beacon such an awful bloody blow

Now when this war is over and we're back in the U.S.A.  
We'll fly the planes in all war games, and do what the Generals say  
But if we have another war and they give us the '66  
To hell with all the general stuff, we won't get in that fix



EARLY ABOARD

(Tune: "Kashimura's Band")

*LAMENT*

Oh, my name is Col. Smith and I'm the leader of the group  
If you will step into my tent I'll give you all the poop  
I'll tell you where the Bombers are and where the flak is black  
I'll be the first one off the deck and I'll be the first one back!

CHORUS: Early aboard, avoid the rush, early aboard, avoid the rush  
Early aboard, avoid the rush, oh, the Liberty Squadron's on parade!

*SANDEES*

My name is Major Smith and I lead old Liberty  
And if I go on rail outs, my boys will follow me  
But if you say "Young Yang," I'll tell you what I'll do  
Get into your plane and go ahead, and I'll wait here for you.

I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things they do  
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true  
The pilots they are really, but let their skipper about  
And all those bastards yell at once, "My Mags they can't check out!"

And then I'm always know of the leaders in the wing,  
Any night in the "G" Club you can hear how well they sing,  
With words they fight a half of a war, they say they wanta go too  
But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do!

Oh, I fly the old Invader and Douglas says it's great  
But when it comes to fighting MIGs, those bastards just don't rate  
I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue  
But when it comes to fightin' MIGs, I'll tell you what I will do!

Now when this war is over and we're back in the U.S.A.  
We'll fly the planes in all the general and do what the generals say  
But if we have another war and they give us the twenty-six  
To hell with all the general staffs, we won't get in that fix!

(Songs of the Friendly 8th)



(46)

Fuji  
ON TOP OF MT MEALY

On top of Mount Mealy  
All covered with snow  
Lie an all-weather pilot  
and his fearless BO

Now he put on an air show  
He did it for me  
At altitude zero  
He clobbered a tree

His gyroes did tumble  
he gauges did lie  
but with canopy under  
is no way to fly

With a hundred percent on  
He made his last pass  
With throttles wide open  
He busted his ass

He said that he loved me  
and would do me no harm  
On top of Mount Mealy Fuji  
He purchased the farm

(49)

FALSIES IN BRASSIERES

There's nothing can be better than a girl that wears a sweater  
Though she may not be as big as she appears  
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

Her pulmonary muscles may resemble Janie Russell  
And She'll say she got that way from drinking beers  
They've got an awful lot for falsies in brassieres

So round---- so firm---- and so fully packed  
You'll find it's really just an act  
Give a girl a Bally bra and she will grow--grow--grow

Now I've made a careful study with the help of my best buddy  
And a hundred thousand women volunteers  
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

So fellows before you wed her, please investigate her sweater  
Or you'll find your honeymoon will end in tears  
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

48

61



In the hills of West Virginia, lives a girl named Nancy Brown  
Ain't never seen such beauty, in city or in town  
Now Nancy and the Deacon climbed the mountain come high noon  
And when they reached the summit, it was very very soon

Oh she came rollin down the mountain, rollin down the mountain  
Rollin down the mountain by the dam  
And in spite of all his urgin, she remained the local virgin  
And is just as pure as west virginia ham

Now along came a trapper, Henderson by name  
He took our little Nancy, and the story's just the same

She came rollin down the mountain rollin down the mountain  
Rollin down the mountain by the shack  
And in spite of his urgin, she remained the local virgin  
And is just as pure as Pappy's applejack

OK

But along came a slicker, with his hundred dollar bills  
He took our little nancy, a way up in the hills

And then she stayed up in the mountains, stayed up in the mountains  
Stayed up in the mountains all that night  
She came home next morning early, more a woman than a girlie  
And her pappy kicked the bussey out of sight

Now she's livin in the city, livin in the city  
Oh she's livin in the city mighty well  
She's done away with pots and kittles, and she's eatin fancy vittles  
And those West Virginia hills can go to hell

But along came depression, took slicker by the pants  
He had to sell his packard, had to give up little Nancy

So now she's back in West Virginia, back in West Virginia  
Back in West Virginia as a yore  
And the Deacon and the trapper, got that thing that they were after  
And she's known as the West Virginia L A D Y

CLEVIS OXWARD  
(No tune)

61

He stood before the pearly gate  
His face was scarred and old  
He stood before the man of fate  
For admission to the fold  
"What have you done?" St Peter said  
"To gain admission here?"  
"I've been a fighter pilot, sir  
For many and many a year  
I've fought the dust and flown the 'B'  
With the frozen chosen few  
I've been at ~~OXWARD~~ Air Force Base  
And parts of Texas too."  
The pearly gates swung open wide  
St Peter touched the bell  
"Come in and chase your harp, my friend  
You've had your share of hell."



## COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come and join the Air Force, we're a jolly  
 bunch they say.  
 We never do a lick of work, just fly around  
 all day.  
 While others work and study hard and soon  
 grow old and blind.  
 We take to the air without a care and you  
 will never mind.

CHORUS

OK  
 You'll never mind, you'll never mind,  
 So come on and join the Air Force and you  
 will never mind.

Come on and get promoted, as high as you  
 desire.  
 You're riding on the gravy train if you're an  
 Air Force flyer.  
 Just about the time you get to General,  
 you'll find,  
 Your wings fall off and the dough rolls in,  
 But you will never mind.

CHORUS

You take it up and spin it and with an awful  
 turn,  
 Your wings fall off, the ship rolls in,  
 But you will never care.  
 Oh, in about a minute, Jack, another pair  
 you'll find.  
 You'll dance with Pete and the angels sweet  
 But you will never mind.

CHORUS

While flying over the ocean, you hear your  
 engine spit  
 You watch the prop come to a stop,  
 The god-darned thing has quit  
 The ship won't float and you can't swim  
 The shore is far behind  
 Oh, what a dish for crabs and fish, but  
 you never mind.

CHORUS

And if some Russian Yak should shoot you  
 down in flames.  
 Don't sit around and belly-ache and call the  
 Comdie names.  
 Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk  
 and pretty soon you'll find  
 That all is well, you cheated Hell, and you  
 will never mind.

CHORUS

## ROLLIN' DOWN THE RUNWAY

I was rolling down the runway, headed for  
 a ditch,  
 I looked down at my prop, my God, Its in  
 high pitch.  
 I pulled back on the stick I rose into  
 the air.  
 Glory, Glory, Hallelulah, how did I get  
 there.

CHORUS

Oh, Hallelulah, oh, hallelulah, throw a  
 nickel on the grass,  
 Save a fighter pilot's ..... life  
 Oh, Hallelulah, oh, Hallelulah, throw a  
 nickel on the grass.  
 And you'll be saved.

I went into a loop; I thought that I was  
 clear,  
 I came upon Col Earle; I thought the end  
 was near.  
 I went before the Board; they gave me the  
 works  
 Glory, Glory, Hallelulah, what a bunch of  
 jerks.

CHORUS

I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked  
 all right.  
 I made my final turn, my God, I racked it  
 tight,  
 My engine coughed and sputtered, the ship  
 begged to weave.  
 May Day, May Day, Col Buckey!  
 Spin instructions, please!

CHORUS

Oh, I took a trip to London to look around the town  
When I got to Picoadilly, the sun was going down  
I've never seen such darkness, the night was black as pitch  
When suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a witch

Chorus: Oh, it was Lilly, for Picoadilly  
You know the one I mean, the one I mean  
I'll spend each payday, that's my boy hey day  
With Lilly, my blackout queen

Oh, I couldn't see her figure, I couldn't see her face  
But if I ever meet her, I'll know her anyplace  
I couldn't tell if she were blonde or a dark brunette  
But gosh oh gee, did she give me, a thrill I won't forget

She said to me, Oh Yankee boy are you lonesome are you blue  
Just step around the corner, I'll show you what I'll do  
We went up some dark alley, I said, I love you kid  
She said, Okay, but first you pay, so I gave her twenty quid

She leaned her back against the wall, I took her in my arms  
She gave to me her very all, and all her buxum charms  
I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my hat  
It was a shame, she should have been, a circus acrobat

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed  
She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed  
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice  
Why what she did for twenty quid was cheap at half the price

## NAVY PRAYER

Our father who are in Washington  
Truman is thy name  
The Navy's done  
The air force won  
On the atlantic as in the Pacific  
Give us this day our appropriations  
And forgive us our accusations  
As we forgive our accusers  
Lead us not into temptation  
But deliver us from French Morocco  
For thine is the power  
The 3-35 and the Air Force  
Forever and ever—Amen



2 (53)  
THE INVADER

Oh, the Invader is a very fine airplane  
Constructed of steel and tin  
It will do over three hundred level  
The plane with the tailwind built in!  
Oh, why did I join the Air Force  
Mother, dear Mother knew best  
For here I lie in the wreckage  
Invader all over my chest!

BLACKBIRDS

(Tune: Bye Bye Blackbird)

OK  
Here we stand on the ground  
We won't take off till the sun goes down  
We fly blackbirds . . .  
Go in low and come out fast,  
Keep those fighters off our . . . necks  
We fly blackbirds.

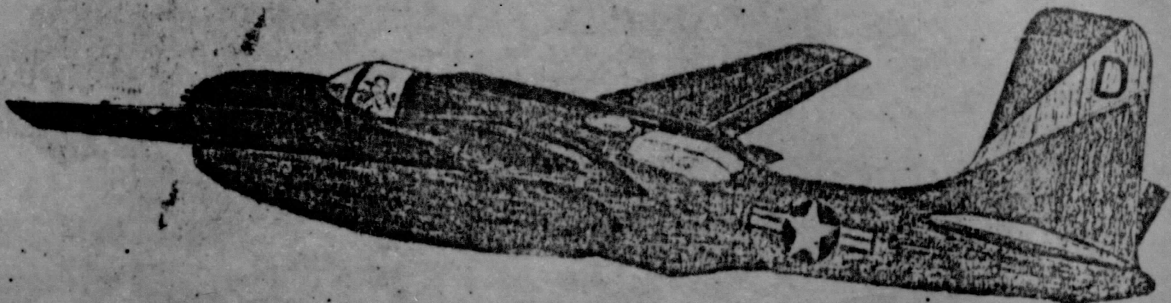
No one here can ever understand us  
You should hear the malarky they hand us  
Mix those drinks and mix 'em right  
Because we're standing down tonight  
Blackbirds we fly.

FLAK IN THE NIGHT

OK  
From Kunsan to Anju, from Pyongyang to Yangdok  
Wherever the red trucks go  
I've been on some tough routes, and had me some rough bouts,  
But there is one thing I know;  
The Red Balls will get you, they're worrisome things,  
That lead you to sing the flak in the night.

Hear the 8th a-calling, hear the 13th bawling  
Dentist, oh-Dentist, oh Bromide, oh Bromide  
Oh Snowflake, oh give me a steer, oh give me a fix  
I'm lost in the night . . .

("Songs of the Friendly Eighth")



2 (54)  
The song printed below was contributed by Lt. Graham and has been written to the tune, "Battle Hymn of the Republic." How about some other contributions from some of the other amateur composers.

SAGA OF THE 774TH

OH THE RADAR SCOPE TURNS BRIGHTLY  
IN THE DIM AND MURKY ROOM  
AND THE BLIPS ARE MOVING SLOWLY  
AND THERE WAS NO THOUGHT OF GLOOM  
WHEN THE WHITE TRACK TURNS TO ORANGE  
AS WAS ORDERED BY GROUND ROOM  
THE TRACK WAS MADE UNKNOWN!

GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY  
GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY  
GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY  
YOUR TRACK IS MADE UNKNOWN

THE COMMANDER WAS ALERTED  
AS DIRECTORS CAME AWAKE  
TIGER SHARK WAS THEN SCRAMBLED  
ON A HEADING FOR THE LAKE  
AS THE PILOTS ASKED FOR PIGEONS  
THEY FOUND OUT IT WAS NO FAKE  
THE TRACK WAS STILL UNKNOWN!

GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY  
GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY  
GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY  
YOUR TRACK IS STILL UNKNOWN

WHILE THE MISSES WERE RECORDED  
IT WAS PLAIN FOR ALL TO SEE  
THAT THE BANDIT WAS NO CESSNA  
OVER ANGELS TWENTY THREE  
THE CREW CHIEF SHOUTED ORDERS  
FOR ALL THE MEN TO FLEE  
THE TRACK JUST DROPPED A BOMB

GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY  
GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY  
GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY  
YOUR BASE IS NOW UNKNOWN!



Z (55)

ODE TO BARNEY  
OF  
The Bride of Flight "G"

Just a flyin round base one bright Friday morn  
Sharper than Hell like the day I was born  
The Mission's complete, I'd flown the dot thru  
No better pilot way up in the blue

Landing instructions were given to me  
A GCA for the best of Flight "G"  
I turned onto final to make my approach  
And yelled in the mike, "Please send me in coach." OK

Oh, no gear down atall---Oh, no gear down atall  
She'll fly like a dream, she'll roll and she'll loop  
She'll climb on her tail, but she'll land on her scoop  
With, oh, no gear down atall, atall  
With, oh, no gear down atall

My wings were all level, I had it all hooked  
My fuel's near spent, but my drops were intact  
The speed brakes are out, I start the descent  
I'm right on the glide, a mission well spent

The final controller said left one degree  
I said to myself he cannot mean me  
It's Barney ~~still~~ flyin, the thing is well done  
Because I'm the boy who wrote the dash one

(CHORUS)

"Recheck your gear," the controller did say  
I push on the lever like any old day  
The rest of the approach was perfect I'd bet  
No errors in azimuth or altitude yet

Best approach that I think I have flown  
You can't beat ol' Dad, it's easily shown  
The boys must be proud to know that it's I  
A bringin that Doggie Right outta the sky

(CHORUS)

He y! Here's a yellin on radio two  
"Eight six on final, pull up, please do  
But I did not hear him, I'm quite satisfied  
I'm doin nicely, on course and on glide

Z 55 cent?

OR

Those two bright red flares, I did not then see  
Nor know that the crash trucks were comin' for me  
The medic's are there, the firemen stand by  
For doggie a lifelin', f'rom outta the sky

(CHORUS)

Over the fence, and I eased back the stick  
I'll set her down gently, another good trick  
I began to touch down, my right tire seemed flat  
I eased down the left, it's a matter of time that

How can it happen that both would be shot  
I thought to myself, "A buck in the pot"  
The reason was the gear's in the wall  
I've sold this old Doggie right down into Hell

(CHORUS)

She ground to a halt, her drops are worn thin  
Tho her engine's still running, she won't fly again  
The dust is a settlin, the crash trucks appear  
To rescue this pilot, a man I hold dear

The tower was screaming, "What number is that?"  
It's zero five eight and I suddenly just sat  
Can't happen to me, the loss of them all  
But, sure nuff it did--go gear down stall

(CHORUS)



Don't give me a F-39,  
With an engine that's mounted behind  
It will tumble and roll  
And dig a deep hole.  
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk,  
About it the pilots all squawk  
It flew like a sparrow  
But its gear was too narrow,  
Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk,

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt,  
It gave many a pilot a jolt  
It looks like a tug,  
And it flew like a tug,  
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt,

Don't give me an F-Shooting Star,  
It'll go, but not very far  
It'll rattle and spout  
But soon will flake out,  
Don't give me an F-Shooting Star.

Don't give me an F-84,  
Their pilots aren't here any more  
They bombed in that crate,  
But they all pulled out late,  
Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an F-86,  
With wings like broken match sticks  
They'll zoom and they'll hover  
But as for top cover,  
Don't give me an F-86.

SILVER DOLLAR (cont'd)

I want you to understand,  
As a dollar goes from hand to hand, so  
A woman goes from man to man

FAR AWAY

Around her neck she wore a purple ribbon,  
(CHORUS)  
She wore it in the springtime in the  
merry month of May,  
and when you asked her why the hell she  
wore it,  
she wore it for her lover who was far,  
far away.  
Far away (far away), far away (far away).  
She wore it for her lover who was far,  
far away.

Around her leg she wore a purple garter.  
(chorus)  
Around the block she pushed a baby carriage  
(chorus)  
Behind the door her father kept a shotgun.  
(chorus)

Upon a grave she placed some yellow  
flowers,  
she placed them in the springtime in the  
merry month of May,  
and when you asked why the hell she  
placed them,  
she placed them for her lover who was six  
feet away, far away, far away. She placed  
them for her lover, who was six feet away.

Don't give me a P-38, the props they conter-rotate  
They've scattered and amitten from Burma to Britain  
Don't give me a P-38

Chorus:

Just give operations  
Way out on some lonely atoll  
For I am too young to die  
I just want to grow old

Don't give me a P-39  
The engine is mounted behind  
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in  
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a peter four oh, a hell of an airplane I know  
A ground loopin bastard, you're sure to get plastered  
Don't give me a peter four oh

Don't gibe me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the hun  
But with cooland tank dry, you'll run out of sky  
Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun  
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark  
Don't give me a P-61

Don't give me an F-84, She's just a ground living whore  
She'll whine moan and wheeze and she'll clabber the trees  
Don't give me and F-84

Don't give me an old thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt  
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug  
Don't give me an old thunderbolt

Don't give me a jet shooting star, it'll go, but not very far  
It'll rumble and spaut, but soon will flame out  
Don't give me a jet shooting star

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like broken match sticks  
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover  
Don't give me an F-86

Don't give me an F-89, The TIME says they'll really climb  
They're all in the states, all boxed up in crates  
Don't give me an F-89

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score  
It may fly in weather, but won't hold together  
Don't give me an F-94

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets radar and A/B  
She's fast I don't care, she blows up in mid-air  
Don't give me an 86-D



Don't give me a C-45, so slow it stalls out in a dive  
A ground loop built in it, and bird colonels in it  
Don't give me a C-45

Don't give me a C-54, six inches of rugs on the floor  
And We'll go fat-cat'n, from here to Manhattan  
Don't give me a C-54

Don't give me a B-45, the pilots don't get back alive  
The Mig 15's chase em, they soon will erase em  
Don't give me a B-45

Don't give me a one-double-O, The bastard is ready to blow  
The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer  
Don't give me a one-double-O

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when it's blue  
An all weather coffin, that flames out so often  
Don't give me an F-102

*Don't give me a 101B  
Turn engines and double AB  
She's fast I don't care  
she blows up in the air  
don't give me a 101B*

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK  
(Tune- Strip Polka)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar  
You can see the old goat standing, beside his office door  
He'll be sweating out the takeoff, as he's often done before  
The man behind the armor plated door

Four times he's led us up there, and he always led up back  
For he circled o'er the I.P., as we went in to attack  
He said I'm hard yet fair boys, but allergic to ack ack  
The man behind the armor plated desk

And when the targets sighted, who inspires the attack  
Who says hundreds may go in lads, but a few aren't coming back  
Who says We'll disregard the minimum, when you suppress the flak  
The man behind the armor plated desk

And when the mission's over, and briefing they should be  
You can search the whole field over, but not a pilot will you see  
For they'll all be at the O Club, with a mixed drink in their hand  
Singing the Man Behind the Armor Plated Desk

SONG OF R AND R  
(Tune- Moonlight on the Wabash)

When the ice is on the rice in old Chitose  
And the Saki is the cellar starts to freeze  
I don't want to see my wife in San Francisco  
I just want to see my little Nipponese

The persian kitten perfumed and fair  
 Stepped out in the garden to get some air  
 A tom cat lanky, lean, and long  
 Dirty and yellow came along  
 He sniffed at the perfumed persian cat  
 As she walked by with much éclat  
 Thinking of a little time to pass  
 Whispered, "Kitten, you sure got class"  
 "How fittin' and proper the kitten replied  
 As she arched on whisker over her eye  
 "I've been raised on pillows of silk,  
 Never drank nothing but certified milk"  
 Oh I should be happy with all that I got  
 I should be happy, but happy I'm not  
 I should be happy, happy indeed  
 For you see I'm highly pedigreed"  
 "Cheer up" said the tom cat with a smile  
 "Just trust your new found friend for a while  
 You don't have to leave your own back fence  
 For kitten all you need is experience"  
 Tales of joy he then unfurled  
 As he told her the story of the outside world  
 Then suggested with a lurid laugh  
 That they take a little trip down the princess path  
 Morning after the night before  
 When the kitten returned at the hour of four  
 The innocent look on her eyes had went  
 And the smile on her face was the smile of content  
 Months later those kittens of pedigreed fame  
 They weren't persian, they were black and tan  
 And she told 'em that their father was a travelin' man  
 A rack on up, shack on up travelin' man

## TATOOED LADY

(Tune- My Indiana Home)

I married me a tatooed lady  
 To roam around her body was a treat  
 And every night before retiring  
 I'd pull the covers back and take a peek  
 Around her waist was Pennsylvania, and on her hip was Tennessee  
 And tatooed on her back was dear old Hackensack  
 From the state of New Jersey  
 Now on her chest was west Virginia  
 Through those hills I loved to roam  
 But when I saw the moonlight shining on the Vatach  
 Then I recognized my Indiana home



DRINKIN RUM AND COCA COLA

Since the 45th came to Sidi Sliwano  
They've got the french girls going insane  
The french girls say they treat them nice  
And they give them a better price

OK

Chorus: Drinkin rum and coca cola  
Go down Port Lyautay  
Both Mother and daughter  
Working for a Yankee dollar

OK

In French Morocco it is mighty clear  
The Frenchman gets one can of beer  
While the 45th leads a life so fine  
Just making whoopee all the time

The SAC boys came to Sidi this year  
The girls all thought that they were queer  
They don't dance, they just drink beer  
They're glad that the 45th is here  
The bomber jockeys came and left the girls so cold  
They acted like a million years old  
They don't spend money so they say  
The wives in the states got all their pay

Before we landed on this field  
The Officers club showed little yield  
But now we'll build a club De Lux  
The 45th is on the books

The american arms so they say  
Allow Frauleins only through the day  
There's that click click click all the night  
But the O.D. says it's quite all right

chorus: Drinking rum and coca cola  
Go down to Walhalla  
Both mother and daughter  
Working for the yankee dollar

OK

Up in Deutschland it is clear  
The girls don't drink much gin or beer  
They will play and they will sin  
But you've got to give up your Sabre pin

Up in Frankfurt late one night  
Our tech rep got mighty tight  
Made passionate love to a blonde in black  
Now they're takin' stitches in his back.

(60)

ROTATIONAL EVE  
(Tune- Red River Valley)

Life in Sidi Slimane is so peaceful  
But the rumors are true that we've heard  
The quiet is soon to be broken  
By arrival of SAC'S 303rd

From old Tucson they say they are leaving  
Leaving homes and sweet lovin wives  
They will come here to old French Morocco  
And complicate all of our lives

Now they'll have lots of aircraft and people  
And they'll have at least thirty I know  
Who will spend all their waking moments  
Making work for the base AIO

But we'll not be about to get excited  
For the answer to most of our fears  
Is to pass on the buck just as always  
Straight on to the Corps of Engineers

The odds are that we cannot please them  
There are sure to be waits and delays  
But if we can stand it for two years  
They can stand it for just thirty days

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

That louse of a boarder  
Who else could it be  
While I was away at work  
That lousy jerk filled in for me  
Oh I didn't get angry  
Though it's driving me wild  
For he may be the father of my only child

Oh the baby's first words were nanana  
It was then I could plainly see  
That it was a real Mexicana  
And there's no Spanish blood in me

Oh I stabbed that boarder  
I stabbed him that day  
I cut him from the Rio Grande to the Santa Fe  
I cut off his boleros  
Now he'll never play  
South of the border, in a Mexican way



O'REILLEY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sitting at O'Reilleys bar  
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter  
Came a thought into my mind  
Why no shag O'Reilleys daughter

Chorus  
Fiddley-I\*E Fiddley-I\*O  
Fiddley-I\*E for the one ball Reilly  
Rubby dub dub jig balls and all  
Ruddy dub dub shag on

I grabbed that she bitch by the hair  
Then I threw my left leg over  
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more  
Shagged and shagged til the fun was over

Chorus

There came a knock upon my door  
Who could it be but her God-Dam father  
Two horse pistols by his side  
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter

Chorus

I grabbed that bastard by the hair  
shoved his head in a pail of water  
Shoved those pistols up his ass  
A damm sight farther than I shagged his daughter

Chorus

Now as I go walking down the street  
People shout from every corner  
There goes the dirty son of a bitch  
The one who shagged O'Reilleys daughter

Stay with OD (Dashing thru the sno)

The game was played on Sunday in Heavens own back yard  
With Jesus playing quarterback and Moses playing guard  
The angels in the bleachers my god how they did yell  
When Jesus made a touchdown against the boys from hell

Chorus (Tune Oh, them golden slippers)

Stay with god, oh lordy, stay with god, oh lordy  
Jesus on the one yard line, moses doin very fine  
Stay with god, oh lordy, stay with god, oh lordy  
Hoke em, soke em, Jesus poke em, stay with god

Styles (Tune Smiles)

(63)

There are styles that show the ankle  
There are styles that show the knee  
There are styles that have the boys all wondering  
Just what the girls are gonna let us see

Z  
OK

There are styles that have a tender meaning  
That the eyes of men alone can see  
But the style that Eve wore in the garden  
Is the style that appeals to me.

OH RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY

Oh rip the feathers away away  
Oh rip the feathers away  
Oh the ass of a duck  
makes a wonderful fuck  
If you rip the feathers away

THE LITTLE GREY RAT

(65)

On the pale moon shone on the bar-room floor  
The bar was closed for the night  
Then out of his hole came the little grey rat  
He lapped up the liquor on the bar-room floor  
And back on his haunches he sat  
And all night long you could hear him call  
Bring on your goddamn cat his cat his cat

and sat in the pale moon light!

OFF WE GO  
(Tune- USAF Song)

Back we come, off of a one hour test hop  
From over the land and over the sea  
For this feat we get a raise in rank  
Ten days leave, and a WFO  
Here's all, as you can judge by medals  
Got a lot, and we'll get some more  
We're out to conquer, and we will  
For nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

18

CHICKEN SONG

(66)

We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay  
We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay  
My wife said, honey, it's striking me funny  
We're losing money, no eggs would they lay  
One day a rooster flew into the yard  
And caught the poor chickens completely off guard

OK

They're laying eggs now, Just like they used to  
Ever since that rooster, flew into the yard  
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to  
ever since that rooster, flew into the yard



(64)

AIR FORCE 801  
(Tune- Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar  
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before  
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin moan  
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun  
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1  
You'd better get the crash crew, and get them on the run

Air Force 801 this is Itazuke tower  
I cannot call the crash crew, this is their coffee hour  
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see  
So take it on around again, we have some VIP's  
~~YOUR NOT A~~

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the final, and running on one lung  
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say  
I've gotta get my charts fixed up, before that judgement day

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see you biscuit gun  
My engine's gonna rack, and the coolant's gonna blow  
I'm gonna orange a Mustang, so look out down below

Air Force 801, this is judgement day  
You're in pilots heaven, and you are here to stay  
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well  
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to hell

PILOTS BANNER  
(Tune- If I Had the Wings Of an Angel)

Now listen all you pilots and you airmen  
We will tell you a story sad but true  
Of many who wear wings but are not happy  
Gather round while we sing this song to you

The many who wear wings but are not happy  
Wear a smile on their lips, not in their hearts  
They're overjoyed to wear the badge of an airman  
But are sad in getting off to such bad starts

A reason there must be for discontentment  
Why the gloom as dark as any blacked out loop  
Just ask them one and all and they will tell you  
I'm not a member of the ~~31st~~ Fighter Group  
414th

Z (67)

FATHERS GRAVE  
(Tune- Piccadilly Underground)

Oh they're digging up fathers grave to build a sewer  
And they're going at the job at no expense  
They're disturbing his remains, to make way for outhouse drains  
To satisfy some brand new resident, Gor Blimey  
Now father in his day was never a quitter  
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now  
He'll dress up in white sheets, and haunt those outhouse seats  
And no one there will sit but he allows, Gor Blimey  
Now won't there be some bloody constipation  
And won't those bloody bastards rant and rave  
Which is more than they deserve, for having the bloody nerve  
To bugger about with a British workmans grave

OK

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES ( THE WALL )  
(Tune- Bless them all)

Bless them all, bless them all  
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all  
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet  
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet  
Cause he tried to go over the wall  
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all  
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off  
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all

OK

Through the wall, through the wall  
Through the bloody invisible wall  
That transsonic journey is nothing but rough  
As bad as a ride on the local base bus  
So I'm staying away from the wall  
Subsonic for me and that's all  
If you're hot you might make it  
But you'll probably break it  
Your butt or your neck, not the wall

KOREA  
(Tune- I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over a well fought over  
Korea that I abhor  
One for the money  
And two for the show  
Ridgeway said stay  
But we want to go.  
There's no use explaining  
Why we're remaining  
We got what we were fighting for  
KOREA, KOREA, and diarrhea  
To make the rice grow some more



BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day  
Beside his shatter Sabrajet, a young pursuiter lay  
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead  
So listen to the very last words this young pursuiter said

268

I'm going to a better land where everything is bright  
Where whiskey flows from Telephone poles  
Play poker every night  
We havn't got a thing to do but sit around and sing  
And all our crews are women, oh death where is thy sting

OK

Oh death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling  
Oh death where is thy sting  
The bells of Hell will ring, ting-a-ling  
For you but not for me  
Oh, ting-a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass  
Ting-a-ling-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass  
Ting-a-ling-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass  
Better days are coming bye and bye

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT  
(Tuh- Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory )

By the ring around his eyeball  
You can tell a bombardier  
You can toll a bomber pilot  
by the spread around his rear  
You can tell a navigator  
By his sextants, maps, and such  
You can tell a fighter jockey  
BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH

OK

SONG OF THE ZULU WARRIORS

88

Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba  
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay!  
Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba  
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay!

OK

CHORUS: Hold 'em down, you Zulu warriors  
Hold 'em down, you Zulu chiefs!  
Chiefs! Chiefs! Chiefs!  
Chi-ga-ma-lie - - - oh!

(The "Song of the Zulu Warriors" is supposed to have originated with the South African Squadron stationed in Korea. It was subsequently adopted by American pilots. I first heard it sung at Langley AFB by the 509th FBS in 1953. The most important part of the song is the rythmical foot-stomping. The verse and chorus are repeated, each time a little louder, until you get thrown out of the club.)

PARTIES

Oh, parties make the world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
So, let's have a party

OK . 69

We're never to busy to say hello  
We're never to busy to say hello  
We're never to busy to say hello  
HELLO - HELLO - HELLO

SHE DIDN'T GET HER BATHING SUIT WET

(70)

(Battle Hymn etc)

OH! SHE WADED IN THE WATER AND

SHE GOT HER ANKLES WET.

OH! SHE WADED IN THE WATER AND

SHE GOT HER ANKLES WET.

SHE WADED IN THE WATER AND

SHE GOT HER ANKLES WET.

BUT SHE DIDN'T GET HER (CLAP, CLAP)

WET YET.

OK

CHORUS:

GLORY, GLORY, HALLE-HALLELUJAH.

GLORY, GLORY, HALLE-HALLELUJAH.

GLORY, GLORY, HALLE-HALLELUJAH.

SHE DIDN'T GET HER (CLAP, CLAP)

WET, YET.

SHE GOT HER KNEES ALL WET

SHE GOT HER THIGHS ALL WET

SHE GOT HER NECK ALL WET.



THE JOY BOYS

BREAK LEFT, BREAK RIGHT,  
STREAMERS ON THE WING;  
SNAP DRAGON, SLOW ROLL,  
WE DO EVERYTHING.

WE ARE THE JOY BOYS OF AID,  
HELLO-HELLO, HELLO, HELLOOOOOO.

THE PO RIVER VALLEY

TO THE PO RIVER VALLEY WE'RE GOING,  
FOR TO GET US SOME TRAILS AND SOME TRACKS,  
BUT IF I HAD MY SAY-SC ABOUT IT,  
I'D STILL BE BACK HOME IN THE SACK.

COME AND SIT BY MY SIDE AT THE BRIEFING  
DO NOT HASTEN TO BID ME ADIEU,  
TO THE PO RIVER VALLEY WE'RE GOING  
AND I'M FLYING FOUR IN FLIGHT BLUE.

de

WE WENT FOR TO CHECK ON THE WEATHER,  
AND THEY SAID IT WAS CLEAR AS COULD BE,  
NOW I LOST MY WING MAN ON TAKE OFF  
AND THE REST AUGERED IN OUT AT SEA.

S--2 SAID THERE'S NO FLACK WHERE WE'RE GOING,  
S--2 SAID, "NO FLACK ON THE WAY."  
THERE'S A DARK OVERCAST O'ER THE TARGET  
I'M BEGINNING TO DOUBT WHAT THEY SAY.

A SPITFIRE WENT BY LIKE A WHIRLWIND,  
AND A MUSTANG WENT BY LIKE A BREEZE,  
AND A C-46 WITH ONE FEATHERED,  
WENT BY TOWING FIVE L-3's.

TO THE PO RIVER VALLEY WE'RE GOING,  
AND MANY STRANGE SIGHTS WE WILL SEE,  
BUT THE ONE THERE THAT HOLDS MY ATTENTION,  
IS THE FLACK THAT THEY THROW UP AT ME.

OUR BOMBER FLIES TEN THOUSAND MILES,  
OUR BOMBER FLIES TEN THOUSAND MILES,  
BUT A BOMB LIKE A CHERRY  
IS ALL IT CAN CARRY  
WHEN OUR BOMBER FLIES TEN THOUSAND MILES.

CHORUS:

STEADY BOYS, STEADY BOYS,  
HERE COMES ANOTHER BIG LIE.

SAID PILOT TO BOMBER, "HOW SLICK,  
FINDING THE TARGETS NO TRICK--  
BUT MY GOSH HOW STRANGE  
WE'RE FRESH OUT OF RANGE  
STRAP ON MY PARACHUTE QUICK."

CHORUS:

THE AIR FORCE SURE HAS THE LINE GRAND--  
WINE, WOMEN AND SONG IS THE PLAN;  
THERE'S MEDALS BY BASKETS  
FOR FLYING OUR CASKETS  
IN THE M-C-M STARLET COILAND.

CHORUS:

F-80s ARE CERTAINLY KEEN  
IF TO DARLIG YOUR TENDENCIES LEAN--  
BUT WE WANT IT SAID  
WE'D NOT BE CAUGHT DEAD  
IN SUCH AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

CHORUS:

WITH OUR BOMBERS THE WORLD WILL BE SHOCKED,  
AT THREE HUNDRED MILES THEY'VE BEEN CLOCKED--  
BUT WHILE DREAMING UP TRICKS,  
WITH OUR E-36,  
WE'VE ALL HAD OUR HEADS UP AND LOCKED.

CHORUS:

THE X-1 WAS CRUISING THE BLUE  
THE PILOT FELT SOMETHING QUITE NEW--  
HELL WHAT A SENSATION  
WHERE'S PUBLIC RELATIONS,  
THE LEGION OF MERIT WILL DO.

CHORUS:

OUR BOMBER GOES TEN THOUSAND MILES  
WE CLAIM IT BUT ONLY WITH SMILES,  
WHILE CRASHING THE BARRIER,  
WE POOH, POOH, THE CARRIER  
THAT REALLY GOES TEN THOUSAND MILES.

CHORUS:

OH, WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE SAYING IS TRUE,  
WE GOT IT DIRECTLY FROM STU,  
WE LOVE THE BLUE YOUNDER--  
BUT SOMETIMES WE WONDER



WHO OWNS THIS CLUB

OH WE'RE THE BOYS FROM THE LOOSE 414  
YOU'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT.  
THE MOTHERS TAKE THEIR DAUGHTERS IN  
WHENEVER WE GO OUT.  
WE'RE ALWAYS FULL OF WHISKEY,  
AND WE'RE ALWAYS FULL OF BOOZE.  
OH WE'RE THE BOYS FROM THE LOOSE 414  
NOW WHO THE HELL ARE "YOUSE"?  
AS WE GO MARCHING  
AND THE BAND BEGINS TO PLAY P-I-A-T-I:  
YOU CAN HEAR THE PEOPLE SHOUTING  
THE BOYS FROM GEORGE ARE ON THE WAY.  
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?  
OH WAH, WAH,  
WHO OWNS THIS CLUB!  
OH WAH, WAH,  
WHO OWNS THIS CLUB!  
OH WAH, WAH,  
WHO OWNS THIS CLUB, THE PEOPLE GET!  
WE OWN THIS CLUB! WE OWN THIS CLUB!  
THE LOOSE!

OK

TUNE (RUBEN + RACHEL)

MAJ MDK

MDK

81

OK

TWAS A COLD WINTER EVENING  
THE GUESTS WERE ALL LEAVING  
O'RILEY WAS CLOSING THE BAR  
WHEN THE BARTENDER SAID TO THE LADY IN RED  
GET OUT YOU CAN'T STAY WHERE YOU ARE.  
SHE SHED A SAD TEAR IN HER BUCKET OF BEER  
AS SHE THOUGHT OF THE COLD NIGHT AHEAD  
WHEN A GENTLEMAN DAPPER STEPPED OUT OF THE ~~PHONE BOOTH~~ <sup>KRAPPER</sup>  
AND THESE WERE THE WORDS THAT HE SAID:

HER MOTHER NEVER TOLD HER THE THINGS  
A GOOD GIRL SHOULD KNOW  
ABOUT THE WAYS OF AIR FORCE MEN  
AND HOW THEY COME AND GO.  
SHE LOST HER YOUTH AND BEAUTY  
AND SIN HAS LEFT ITS SAD SCAR  
SO REMEMBER YOUR MOTELERS  
AND SISTERS BOYS  
AND LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE BAR.





# INTO THE AIR

Into the air, U.S. Air Force  
 Into the air, pilots true  
 Into the air, U.S. Air Force  
 Keep your nose up in the blue  
 And when you hear the engines roaring  
 And the steel props start to whine  
 Then you can bet the U.S. Air Force  
 Is along the fighting line!

## STRAFRERS

When I was a cadet, an innocent lad  
 The Chaplain told me the good from the bad  
 And of all of his words, these were his last  
 Never fly high and never fly fast.

So I joined up the strafers with these words in mind  
 and off to New Guinea did go  
 But when I got there I was to find  
 The strafers fly too gosh darn low....Oh!

We fly o'er the treetops with inches to spare  
 There's smoke in the cockpit and gray in our hair  
 The tracers look fine as strafing we go  
 But brother you're flying just too gosh darn low!

## MY WILD EYED CADDET

(Tune: My Wild Irish Rose)

My wild eyed cadet - he ain't learned nothing yet  
 He noses her down when close to the ground  
 My wild eyed cadet!  
 He slips in his banks - if he lives, we'll all give thanks!  
 I hear drums beating low and men marching slow  
 Behind wild eyed cadets!

("Songs of the SOC")

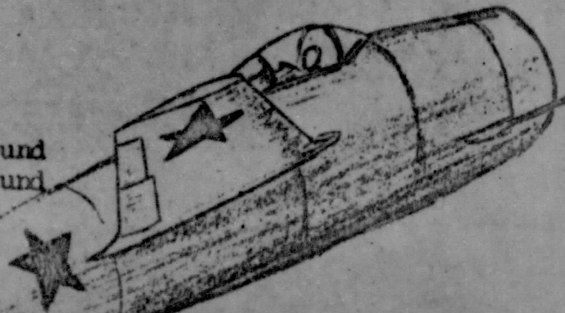
# BREAK RIGHT

(Tune: Cadence Count)

Solo: Break right  
 All: Right now  
 Solo: Break right  
 All: Right now  
 Solo: Break right, break right, break right, PULL IT TIGHT

Solo: We're flyin' around  
 All: We're flyin' around  
 Solo: And lookin' around  
 All: And lookin' around  
 Solo: The MiGs came down  
 All: The MiGs came down  
 Solo: We went 'round and 'round  
 All: We went 'round and 'round  
 Solo: Throttle to the wall  
 All: Throttle to the wall  
 Solo: I counted them all  
 All: I counted them all  
 All: One, two, three, four, MORE AND MORE!

Solo: Their noses were red  
 All: Their noses were red  
 Solo: They wanted me dead  
 All: They wanted me dead  
 All: EENY, MEENY, MINY, MO, LET'S GO BACK TO OLD KIMPO!



## THE PRETTIEST PLANE

(1) (Leader) The prettiest plane (8) We're coming in with thirteen chicks  
 (All) The prettiest plane Twelve MiG-15's, one Fox eight-six  
 (Leader) Out on the line (9) The moral of this story's clear  
 (All) Out on the line When you start home just check your rear  
 (Leader) The MiG-15 (10) Cause if you don't you're sure to  
 (All) The MiG-15 A MiG-15 tucked in behind. /find  
 (Leader) Flies mighty fine  
 (All) Flies mighty fine  
 (All) The prettiest plane out on the line  
 The MiG-15 flies mighty fine!

(2) When we go up and fly at noon  
 The MiG-15's leap off the moon  
 (3) Then they come down and pretty soon  
 A pissed-off tiger lowers the boom  
 (4) On all our planes we paint red stars  
 For MiG-15's that land on Mars  
 (5) We chase them up to forty-four  
 The fox-eight-six don't have much more  
 (6) The throttle's set right at full bore  
 We'll never catch that little whore  
 (7) Then they start home and Casey calls  
 We're letting down, no sweat at all

37 (Both songs from "Songs of the 35th FIS")



BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC

77

An Air Force lieutenant to Pusan did stole  
He'd just come back from a raid on Seoul  
When an old M.P. Sgt said, "Pardon me, sir.  
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knees."

CHORUS: La de a, La de a  
There's blood on your tunic  
And mud on your knees.

Now look here Sgt, you bloody damn fool  
I've just come back from a raid on Seoul  
Where ack ack is flying and comforts are few  
And brave men are dying for bastards like you.

Now the old M.P. Sgt said, "Pardon me, sir;  
But on the Lt. I meant no slur  
But the girls down in Pusan are hard to please  
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knees!

SPRING TIME ON THE YALU

*(Spring Time in the Rockies)*

OK  
When it's spring time on the Yalu and the MIGs come out to play  
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay  
We'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in  
We'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin.

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the napalm is in bloom  
And your 50s do the talking and it's just a MIG and you  
Once again you'll hear me whisper that my fuel is running low.  
When it's spring time on the Yalu then it's time for us to go.

(Both songs from "Songs of the 357th")



Z (78)

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell  
The place is full of queers  
Navigators, Bombardiers  
But there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States  
They are off on foreign shores  
Making mothers out of whores  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
They are all across the bay  
Being shot at every day  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan!

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce  
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce  
The automatic pilot's on  
Reading novels in the john  
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce!

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
His gyros are uncaged  
And his women overaged  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare!

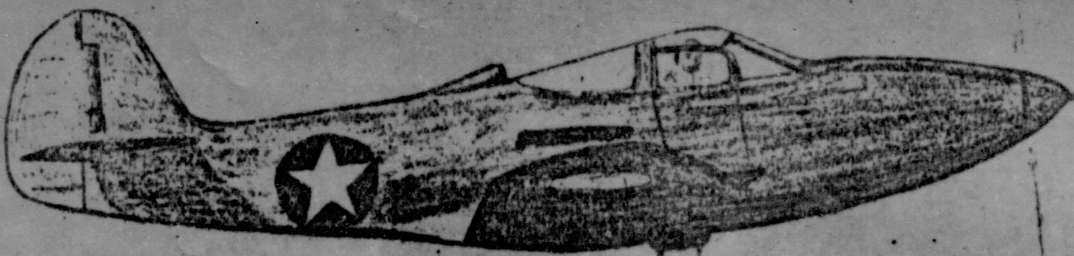
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth  
The place is full of brass  
Sitting round on their fat ass  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth!

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice  
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice  
It'll wreck your reputation  
But increase the population  
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice!

Oh look at the 55th in the club  
Oh look at the 55th in the club  
The drunk party, they don't sing  
77th does everything  
Oh look at the 55th in the club!

When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
He don't drink his share of suds  
All he does is flub his dub  
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL!





### FLAK SHOWERS

(Tune: April Showers)

Although flak showers may come your way  
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say  
"My fuel is Josephine, I'm going home  
So if you want to stay and fight, you may  
Stay and fight alone!  
I've added throttle, I'm on my way  
I'll live to come back some other day  
So keep on strafing that position  
And knock it out for me  
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see!

("Songs of the 49th FBG")

### THE RIVER RAN RED

(Tune: ~~The Good Ship Titanic~~)

Number One was having fun, Number Two got quite a few  
Number Four got some more as he said  
Oh, the river ran red with the blood of the dead  
As we came around and tried to get some more.

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts  
Little children sucking tits had them shot right from their mitts  
Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead  
As we came around and tried to get some more.

There were women in the crowd, little children cried aloud  
But they all carried guns for the foe  
There were some who turned around, when they heard that awful sound  
As we came around and tried to get some more.

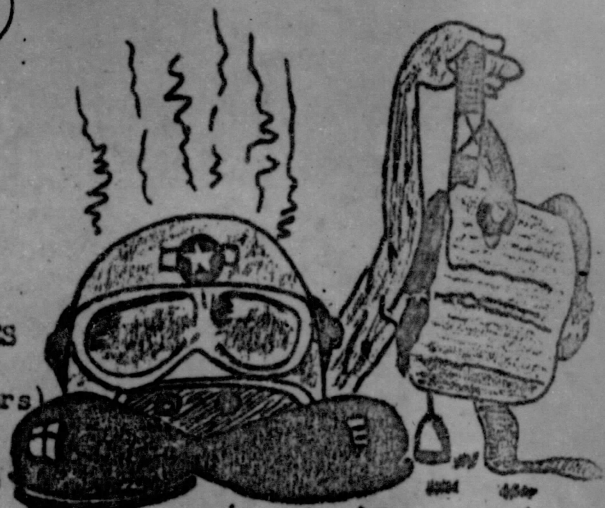
Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in their prime  
But they got Number Three, don't you see  
Yes, they whot him down with flak, and they broke his bloody back  
As we came around and tried to get some more.

(Repeat first verse)

("Songs of the 49th FBG")

OK "G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES

(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)



Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery Lane  
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same  
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be  
He was the cause of all her misery!

IT DIDN'T WORK!

PRESSURE SUITS

CHORUS: Singing "G-Suits and parachutes  
And uniforms of blue  
He'll fly a fighter  
Like his daddy used to do!

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head  
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead  
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm  
Climbed in bed beside him, just to keep the pilot warm!

Now in the morning before the break of day  
A five-pound note he handed her, and this to her did say  
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done  
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son  
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair  
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air!"

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see  
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee  
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly  
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by!

PRESSURE SUITS

FINAL CHORUS: Singing "G-Suits and parachutes  
And uniforms of blue  
She'll never fly a fighter  
Like her daddy used to do!

("Repulsive Rhapsodies" and "GI SONGS")



(This song has been handed down from the first world war. Two versions of it will be found on pages 20 and 21. Today, however, it is usually sung in the form shown below, which is sung by the 20th Fighter Wing and appears in the following song collections: "Songs of the 8th Fighter-Bomber Wing," "Songs of the 325th Fighter-Int. Squadron")

Z (82)

OK

# BOOZIN' BUDDIES

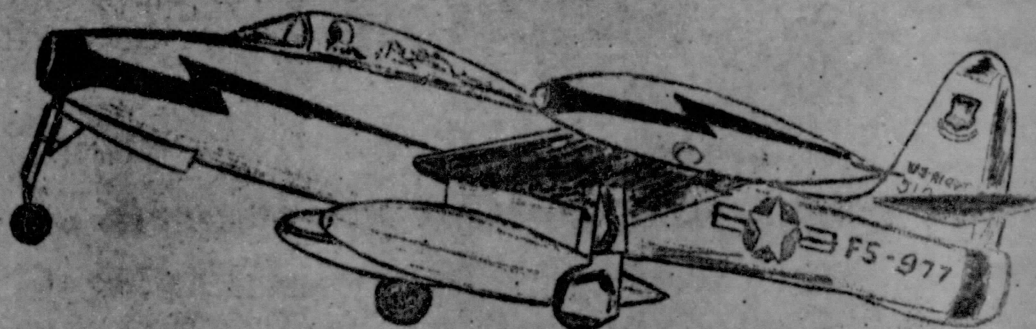
A fighter pilot lay dying  
The medics had left him for dead  
All around him women were crying  
And these are the words that he said:

"Take the tailpipe out of my stomach  
Take the burner out of my brain  
Take the turbine out of my kidney  
And assemble the unit again

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky  
Bosom buddies while boozin'  
We are the boys they send out to die  
Bosom buddies while boozin'

Up in headquarters they sing and they shout  
Talking of things they know nothing about!

We are the boys who fly high in the sky  
Bosom buddies while boozin'  
Bosom buddies while boozin'  
Bosom buddies while boozin'!"



2 (83)  
THE HANDSOME YOUNG AIRMAN

A handsome young airman lay dying  
And as on the airdrome he lay  
To mechanics who 'round him came sighing  
These last parting words he did say:  
"Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,  
The connecting rods out of my brain,  
The crank-shaft out of my backbone,  
And assemble the engine again."

From "The American Songbag" edited by Carl Sandburg. Mr. Sandburg says about this World War I song: "One of the several in the R.W. Gordon collection, this version, is from Abbe Hiles who comments on how landlubber songs often are in active duty on the high seas and vice versa. 'Any living tune is a jack of all trades. This variant of Tarpaulin Jacket ten years ago (1917) on the flying fields was current among men who had never heard its original.' "

A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING

A poor aviator lay dying  
At the end of a bright summer day  
His comrades had gathered around him  
To carry his fragments away.

His airplane was piled on his wishbone,  
His engine was wrapped round his head;  
He wore a sparkplug on each elbow,  
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

He spit out a valve and a gasket  
And stirred in the sump where he lay,  
To mechanics who round him came sighing,  
These brave parting words did he say:

"Take the magneto out of my stomach,  
And the butterfly valve off my neck  
Extract from my liver the crankshaft,  
There are lots of good parts in this wreck.

"Take the manifold out of my larynx,  
And the cylinders out of my brain,  
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys  
And assemble the engine again!"



HOT-PILOT

(This version, with one or two minor changes, appears in the following books:  
"GI SONGS," "Songs of SOC," "Songs of the Army Flyers")



# WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER

OK

When your leaves have turned to silver  
Will you love us just the same?  
Oh, we'll always call you: "(Any old dirty Major)"  
Isn't it a bloody shame?

To the days at Itazuke  
And the parties that we knew  
When your leaves have turned to silver  
You can stick them up your flue!



("Songs of the 49th," by Lt. Effinger)

CO-PILOT'S LAMENT

(Tune: The Cowboy Song)

I'm the co-pilot, I sit to the right,  
It's up to me to be quick and bright,  
I never talk back, I'll have regrets  
And I must remember what the captain forgets.

I make out the flight plan and study the weather,  
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather,  
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting,  
And fly the old crate when the captain is snoring.

I take the readings and adjust the power,  
Put on the heaters when we're in a shower,  
Tell where we are on the darkest night  
And do all the book work without any light.

I call for my captain and buy him cokes  
I always laugh at his corny jokes  
And once in a while when his landings are rusty  
I come through with "Gawd, but it's gusty!"

All in all, I'm a general stooge  
As I sit to the right of this man Scrooge  
But maybe some day with great understanding  
He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.

("The Three Hats," Vol. II)



# HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

In peace times the regulars are happy  
In peace times they're happy to serve  
But let them get into a fracas  
And they'll call out the God Damn reserves!

CHORUS: Call out, Call out  
Call out the God Damn reserves, reserves!  
Call out, Call out  
Oh, call out the God Damn reserves.

OK

Here's to the Regular Air Force  
They have such a wonderful plan  
They call up the God Damn reservist  
Whenever the shit hits the fan!

They call up every old pilot  
They call up every young man  
The reservists they go to Korea  
The regulars stay in Japan!

Here's to the Regular Air Force  
With medals and badges galore  
If it weren't for the God damn reservist  
Their ass would be dragging the floor!

CHORUS: Fight on, Fight on  
Fight on Regular Air Force  
Fight on, Fight on...  
Fight on, Fight on  
Fight on Regular Air Force  
Fight on!

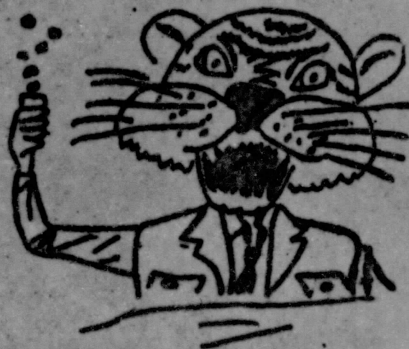
(The first verse and chorus of this song appear in "Songs of the Friendly 8th." Since they are sung to the same tune and are in the same spirit as the song from the 58th Fighter-Bomber Wing's "Repulsive Rhapsodies," they are hereby combined.)



# KOREA

(Tune: I'm Looking Over a 4-Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over a wall fought over  
Korea that I abhor  
One for the money  
And two for the show  
Ridgeway said stay  
But we want to go.  
There's no use explaining  
Why we're remaining  
We got what we were fighting for  
KOREA, KOREA, and diarrhea  
To make the rice grow some more!



## SEOUL CITY SUE

I drove a hard of oxen down  
Till I reached old Bon Chong way  
And there I met a Cook girl,  
Who said she'd like to play.  
Her clothes were of a dirty blue,  
Her hands and feet were too.  
I asked her what her name was,  
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

OK

CHORUS: Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,  
Your hair is black, your eyes are too  
I'd swap my honey cart for you.  
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,  
No one smells of Kimchie,  
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue.

Oh, Korea, I must admit  
I owe a lot to you.  
I came here from America  
To find Seoul City Sue  
Someday I'll take her back with me,  
And buy her perfumes too,  
So people can't be singing,  
"Here comes Seoul City Sue."

("Korea" is from "Songs of the 357th"  
"Seoul City Sue" is from "Songs of the  
Friendly 8th")

WRECK OF THE OLD '97

Z (87)

(88) - see  
p 68

There were 97 airplanes warming up on the apron  
Not enough room you could see  
Now the first ninety-six were of recent construction  
But the last one was a ~~Pittsboro~~ <sup>89 D</sup>

OK

She was old '97 and she had a fine record  
But she hadn't been flown that year  
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine  
For she knew that her time was near.

A Second Lieutenant wandered into Operations  
And he asked for a ship or two  
And they said, "Young man, we are very short of airplanes  
But we'll see what we can do."

"Now the first forty-seven are reserved for Majors  
And the Captains have the next forty-nine  
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron  
The last ship upon the line."

He was headed for Wonju and from there to Gwinhas  
And he had to make that flight  
So he said, "O.K., if you give me a clearance  
I will get there sometime tonight."

Oh, he flew over Taejon and the Taegu Airport  
And the ceiling began to fall  
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains  
And he couldn't see the ground at all.

He flew through rain and he flew through a snowstorm  
Till the light began to fail  
When he found a railroad going in his direction  
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

He flew down a valley and he dodged through the mountains  
And he kept that road in sight  
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains  
And he ended his last long flight.

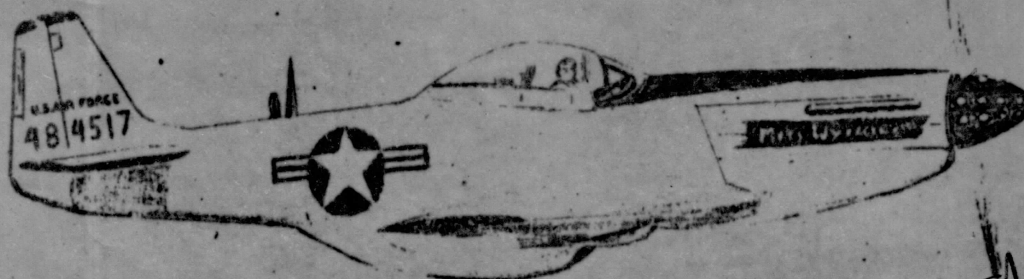
There was old '97, with her nose in the mountain  
And her wheels upon the track  
And her throttle was bent in the forward position  
But her engine was facing back!

Now ladies please listen and heed my warning  
From this time ever on  
Never speak harsh words to your flyboy husband  
He may leave you and never return.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")



Z (89)



### HUTCH'S BALLAD

(Tune: Sure a Little Bit of Heaven)

Sure, our target it was bunkers  
Way out in the hills so grand  
Located in Korea, right next to no-man's land  
Our fans now they were G.I.'s  
And they thought our Mustangs grand  
As we circled o'er the target  
Watching "Willie Peter" land.

But our controller was neurotic  
Near the ground he wouldn't go  
We toggled off our babies  
And we watched them hit below  
He had placed his rockets wildly  
And he'd fouled the whole damn show  
But when we got the grading  
Sure it was Zero - Zero.

Sure a little bit of airplane fell  
From out the sky one day  
It landed west of Pyongyang  
Not very far away  
Comet Red won't be coming back  
It made us very blue  
But we went on to our target  
And we dropped our babies true.

So, we sprinkled it with fifties  
Just to keep their heads down low  
Then we hurried back to S-2  
To lie about our show  
When you read it in the papers  
All about the 18th's capers  
You will know it's propaganda  
For old Barons, bless his soul.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

(90)

The most chivilrous fish in the ocean  
To ladies forbearing and mild  
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark  
Who will eat neither woman or child

He dines upon seamen and skippers  
And a tourist will his hanger sawage  
And a fresh cabin boy, will inspire him with joy  
If he's past the maturity age

OK

A doctor or lawyer or preacher  
He'll gobble up any fine day  
But the ladies, God Bless 'em, he'll only address 'em  
Politely and go on his way

I can readily cite you an instance  
Of a lovely young lady from Breen  
Who was tender and sweet, and delicious to eat  
And fell into the bay with a scream

She struggled and flounced in the water  
And signaled in vain for her barque  
She would surely have drowned, if she had not been found  
By a chivilrous man-eating shark

He bowed in his manner most charming  
Thus soothing her impulses wild  
Don't be frightened, he said, I've been properly bred  
And will eat neither woman nor child

He proffered his fin and she took it  
Such gallantry none can dispute  
And the passengers cheered, as the vessel they neared  
And a broadside was fired a salute

They soon were alongside the vessel  
A life saving dinghy was lowered  
With the pick of the , and her relatives too  
And the mate and the skipper aboard

They had her on board in a juffy  
The shark stood attention the while  
Then he raised up his flipper, and gobbled the skipper  
And went on his way with a smile

This shows that the king of the ocean  
To ladies forbearing and mild  
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark  
Who will eat neither woman nor child



(91)

ONCE THEY WERE HAPPY  
(Two - Man on the Flying Trapeze)

Once they were happy, completely at ease  
They flew their F-80's like a swinging' trapeze  
They looped 'em, they rolled 'em, they bounced DC-3's  
But alas boys, their wings have been clipped

One day they approached Itasuke  
Jet leader called echelon right  
Mustangs at nine o'clock level  
Let's see if 8th fighter will fight

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right  
I think they see us, says jet four in fright  
There're all pullin streamers says jet number three  
Let's go home, this is no place for me

The jets headed home at a hundred percent  
In fact number four had the throttle stop bent  
Back to Misawa, to Misawa they went

THE PRETTIEST SHIP

- (1) (Leader) The prettiest ship  
(All) The prettiest ship  
(Leader) Out on the line  
(All) Out on the line  
(Leader) The MIG-15  
(All) The MIG-15  
(Leader) Flies fast and fine  
(All) Flies fast and fine  
(Leader) The prettiest ship  
(All) The prettiest ship, out on the line  
The MIG-15 flies fast and fine
- (2) When we go up and fly at noon  
The MIG-15's leap off the moon
- (3) Then they come down and pretty soon  
A pissed-off tiger lowers the boom
- (4) On all our planes we paint red stars  
For MIG-15's that land on Mars
- (5) We chase them up to forty-four  
That fox eight six ain't got much more
- (6) The throttle's set right at full bore  
We'll never catch that little shore  
Then they start home and Casey calls  
We're letting down no sweat at all
- (8) We're coming in with thirteen chicks  
Twelve Mig-15's one fox eight six
- (9) The moral of this sotry's clear  
When you start home just check your rear
- (10) Cause if you don't you're sure to find  
A MIG-15 tucked in behind

THE PO RIVER VALLEY  
(Tune - Red River Valley)

(92)

To the Po river valley we're going  
Far to get us some trains and some tracks  
But if I had my say-so about it  
I'd still be back here in the sack

Come and sit by my side at the briefing  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu  
To the Po river valley were going  
And I'm flying four in flight blue

We went for to check on the weather  
And they said it was clear as can be  
Now I lost my wingman 'round the field  
And the rest surged in out at sea

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going  
S-2 said there's no flak on the way  
There's a dark overcast o'er the target  
I'm beginning to doubt what they say

A spitfire went by like a whirlwind  
And a mustang went by like a breeze  
And a C-46 with no feathered  
Went by towing five L-3's

To the Po river valley we're going  
And many strange sights we will see  
But the one there that held my attention  
Was the flak that they threw up at me

SIDI SLIMANE TONG  
(Tune - On Top of Old Smoky)

(93)

Now gather round closely, and we'll sing this refrain  
Bout life in Morocco, at Sidi Slimane  
There's not enough women, to grace this bare land  
But there's not enough women, to grace this bare land  
But there's plenty of rag heads, Cactus and sand

The heat in the daytime, will wither your soul  
While all the long evenings, you shiver with cold  
It's so hot in old Sidi, where no river flows  
You'd think hell was above you, and heaven below

Each man here will tell you, that he's malassigned  
And the Air Force commanders, have all lost their minds  
We here in Sidi, want to know why we're here  
And we'll not find our answer, in a big glass of beer

So we'll try some tye whiskey, and we'll try demon rum  
And a gallon of cognac, and the answer will come  
We need some equipment, and we need some supplies  
But improvement, will be a surprise

Work from dawn till sunset, on many big deals  
While those boys from division, are dragging their heels  
The boys you will notice, who take it so hard  
Are recalled reservists, and the Air National Guard



# Boy From Old "B" Flight 2 (94)

Woods

Oh, we're the boys from old "B" Flight  
You're going to hear us shout!  
So listen to us sing it now  
and hear what it's about.

We fly the best, we fight the best  
and we can out drink you  
And when it comes to makin love  
Yes, we're the bestest too

We feel sorry for the other flights,  
They really need a lift!  
So we'll press on, and sing our song  
and present them with a gift

As we press onward  
Who stand out above the rest,  
You can hear the people shouting,  
Rigidy dig, Rigidy dig  
B Flight is the best

Oh, there's a pilot in the 84th  
The oldest Capt'n we know.  
He pulled mobile at Kitty Hawk,  
He's the "A" flight daddio.

Old Ancient age is slowing him  
he's gettin mighty lame...  
To help him along before he's gone,  
We'll give him a walking cane.

As we press onward  
Who stand out above the rest.  
You can hear the people shouting  
Rigidy dig, Rigidy dig,  
B flight is the best

Oh, we come from all around the world,  
but that don't mean a damn.  
To let you know just what we mean,  
We'll let you hear from Ham.

Oh, I'm a yankee hater,  
from way down in the south.  
But I'd sooner fly with a B flt yank  
than C flt's big loud mouth.

When old Sweenys shooting craps,  
he really is in heaven.  
With our gift to him, He'll always win,  
These dice roll only seven.

As we press onward  
Who stand out above the rest.  
You can hear the people shouting,  
Rigidy dig, Rigidy dig,  
B flight is the best

( I'd like to rib old Hicks tonight,  
Solo by and say that he's a jerk.  
Layton But I would feel too guilty - cause,  
he's pulling my alert.

He's down in the hanger,  
cold and all alone.  
Now he's the dog of old dog flt  
for him, a greasy bone.

(Chores)

Now old Carl Burger is Easy flt  
is in a real sad way,  
There's little use in singing to him  
He can't hear what we say.

Now if old Carl could only hear,  
he'd really have it made.  
To let him know what's going on,  
we'll give him a hearing aid.

As we press onward  
Who stand out above the rest.  
You can hear the people shouting,  
Rigidy dig, Rigidy dig,  
B flight is the best.

We've had out little chuckle,  
we've had a little fun.  
But we still think the 84th  
will never be outdone.

Oh, this is the end of our lament,  
it's the story of who's who.  
Oh, were the boys from old B flight,  
Now, who the hell are you! ! !